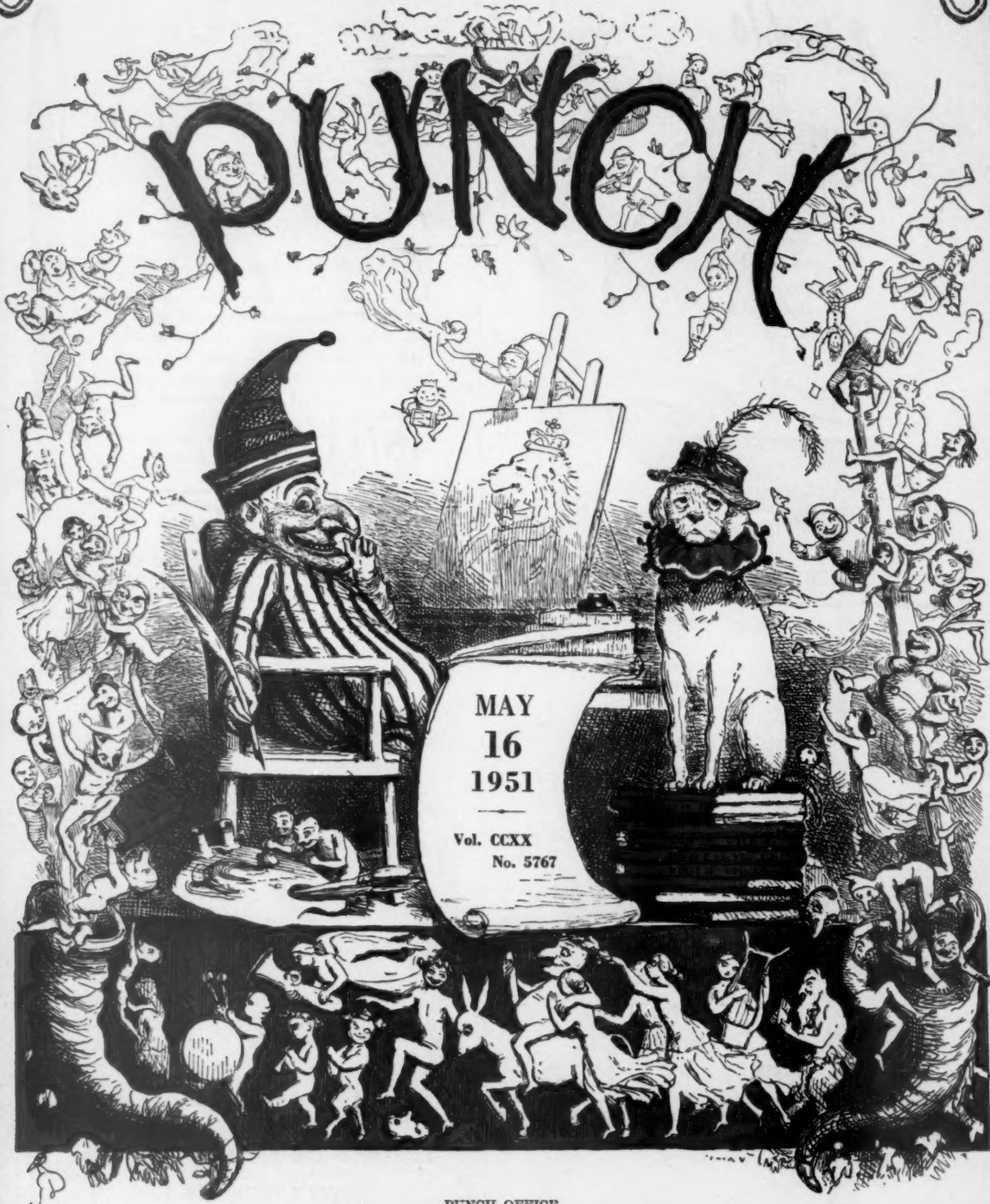


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIEAT—WEDNESDAY, MAY 16 1951

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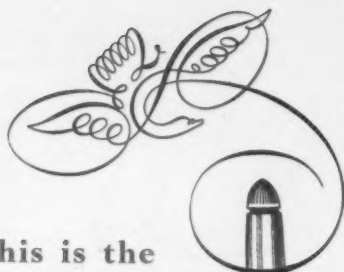
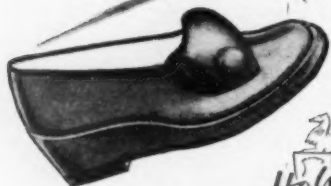
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CHOCOLATE
OF THE
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Player's complete it





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and all well.*

Henry IV, Act v, sc. 1

Bedtime... what a world of comfort
and refuge in a word! What perfect
refuge, what utter comfort in

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Draughts!
Draughts!!
DRAUGHTS!!!

... yes, even in Springtime! Warmer days, maybe, but after sundown GENERAL WINTER still inflicts the chilly draughts of colder nights upon us—just when we hoped to economise on fuel.

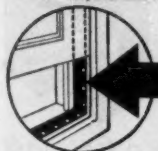
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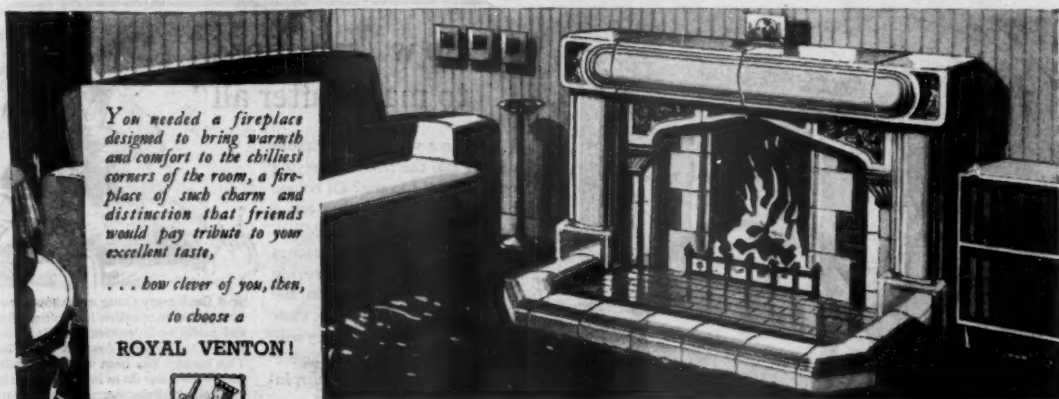
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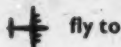
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but, when it is all over

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is wanted they

STAND BACK THERE

in a small corner

in one neat stack



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F-1

"Once upon a
time there
was a family . . .



" . . . and one member of the family was a very active little chap. His mother was hardly surprised, therefore, when he came home one day with a cut knee. While carefully bathing and bandaging the wound she reprimanded him in a loving kind of way—after all, she had been just as boisterous at his age. Some days later the boy complained that his knee was still hurting him. She noticed that the skin looked puffy, that the wound had an angry, unhealthy tinge. So she decided to ask the doctor about it. To her horror he diagnosed blood poisoning and in a very short time deadly germs had begun to invade her son's entire bloodstream. No one could accuse her of being a neglectful mother, yet she had forgotten one vital thing—

to make the cut antiseptically safe." At little cost all that worry, anxiety and pain could have been avoided. The price you pay for a bottle of O-syl is so small compared with the protection O-syl gives you. O-syl has been proved by strict hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum which cause common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant — you can use it a hundred and one ways to keep yourself, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Make sure that *your* family story is a happy one. Be wise and O-sylise.



O-syl
REGD.

***** THE HOSPITAL-PROVED ANTISEPTIC *****

He felt "finished" at forty



Really, John, you're too bad. Night after night, I go to the trouble of cooking you a proper meal and...

I know, I know... I don't eat it. Well, I'm sorry, dear, I don't feel like eating—that's all there is to it. I'm too tired. I'm getting old.

Oh, nonsense, you're only just forty. And anyway, if you're tired you need food.

Well, let's not argue about it. I'm too tired for arguing, too.



... simply exasperates me, Mrs. Canning. He says he's too tired to eat when he gets home.

But, poor man, I expect he is. Life is a ghastly strain for men of his position. Just think of the worries he must have at the office—not to mention the work. Worries and tiredness have a direct effect on the digestion, you know;

Well, but he still needs food.

Of course he does, but not a substantial meal the second he comes into the house. Now, what I'd suggest is a routine our doctor recommended for my husband. Persuade John to rest,

relax completely, for about half-an-hour before his dinner each evening, and while he's resting, give him half a bottle of Brand's Essence.

Why, what's so wonderful about Brand's Essence?

Well, what our doctor said was this: When a person—even a healthy person—gets very tired, his whole body slows up. Digestion juices, too. He doesn't feel hungry. He can't digest properly. He eats less and less and so gets overtired because he's undernourished. It's a vicious circle. But Brand's gives appetite again... That's why doctors recommend it for invalids.



FOUR DAYS LATER

What a day! This rush hour journey! Got any Brand's for me, dear?

Of course. I am glad you like it, John. I'd never have believed it would make such a difference to you so soon. Here you are!

Ah-h-h! What good stuff this is! I feel better for it already. What's for dinner? I must say, I do really look forward to my meals now!

... so now, although he's quite back to his old youthful form, I still give him Brand's Essence whenever he's extra tired or strained—and often take it myself, too. It's a meat protein with a delicious flavour. It doesn't contain fats, so there's no trouble about digesting it.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Essence of Chicken 4/3 Essence of Beef 3/3



Ireland of the Welcomes!



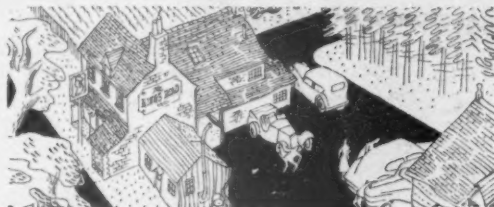
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the target dates and record the performance so far. IT WILL INCREASE MACHINE UTILISATION BECAUSE IT WILL REVEAL THE IDLE GAPS. Being flexible, it allows immediate adjustment for priorities. And it will do all this with far less clerical effort than any other method. With Remington Rand Systems, executive energy is freed for concentration on expanding export markets or for meeting rearmament's urgent needs.

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OUT PREJUDICE

Recipe for Makers in Steel

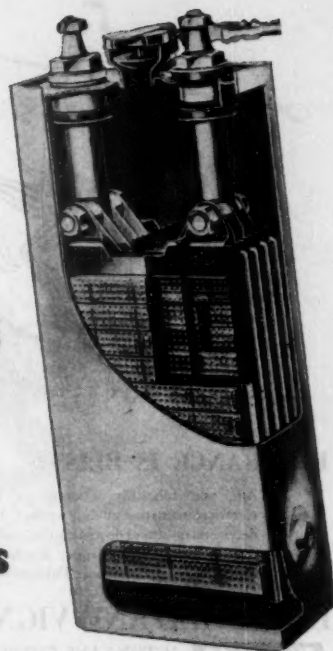
*Fry a middling oil in an iron pan
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fried, press the oil thereof out
and put it in a phial to settle
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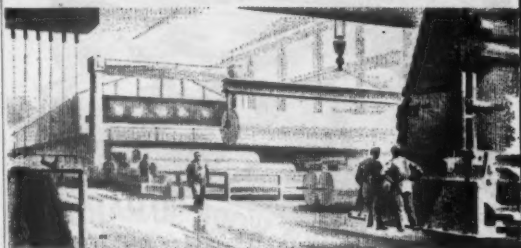
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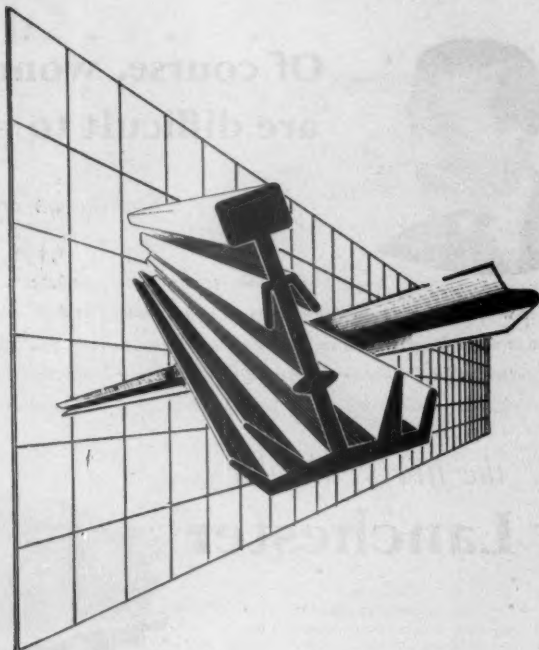
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The panes are clipped to such bars as these by means of a springy folded strip of aluminium shown in the same drawing. To the layman Aluminex appears fresh, intelligent and new — and this may be because the minds that invented it possessed these qualities — yet, in fact, this is a proven and established method of building walls of glass or erecting ranges of rooflights. Under Capricorn and Cancer, as well as in more temperate climes, Aluminex Patent Glazing has long laughed at corrosion and the buffeting of gales. Yes, write down the name Aluminex; Glass Walls, for the building of

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are difficult to please'



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'No, stating facts. Take cars; a woman's not satisfied with fine engineering. Tell her about automatic chassis lubrication or why a down draught carburettor saves fuel—ten to one she'll not be listening!' 'Quite a speech, Jim. Been taking lessons? Yet you're quite wrong about feminine taste. Now what I consider a

perfect car...' 'Here it comes' '... a perfect car is one that's simple to drive; comfy, roomy, warm but not draughty and...' 'Hey stop! Are you talking about the new Lanchester Fourteen?' 'Of course, dear. Everyone is' 'But that's wonderful! It has so many new features.' For instance...

... the lively, likeable
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Punch, May 16 1951

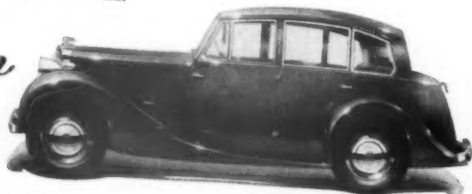


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'He was not for an age, but for all time.' So wrote Ben Jonson of William Shakespeare. Each year, from the far corners of the earth, men and women come to pay homage to England's greatest poet at his birthplace. Just as he added lustre to our language, so we today, in our way, are giving the world new evidence of our genius and our craftsmanship the craftsmanship, for example, that goes into the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain.'

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the different — delicious
salad cream



CHARIVARIA

PUBLIC indignation caused the prices of refreshments at the South Bank Exhibition to be lowered after the first few days. So there is little hope of getting back on the swigs what we lose on the roundabouts.



An analysis of a three-and-a-quarter pound New York newspaper reveals that the main news section has ninety-two pages; stage and screen have twenty-four pages; business, fourteen pages; features ten pages; sport, twelve pages; gardening, ten pages; book reviews, thirty-six pages; there are forty-two pages of classified advertisements, and a magazine section of eighty pages. A London editor wonders how they can possibly fill all that space without a newsprint crisis to complain of.

"DEFICIT FUND"

This paper speaks for itself. It is produced at a loss. Without YOUR help this work cannot continue.

PLEASE RESPOND AT ONCE.
"The Word"

We'll take the petty cash for a start.

Two Tottenham children were given a severe warning by the magistrate for stealing toffee apples from a barrow. They were reminded that this sort of thing is apt to lead to a sticky end.

"Cambridge Canal on the campus of Cambridge University, England's distinguished seat of learning, within walking distance of Central Hall, Westminster, site of the International Advertizing Conference."—*American circular*

Any time-limit?

The Australian team of women cricketers visiting this country will play in white stockings. Well-wishers hope they won't get too many runs in them.

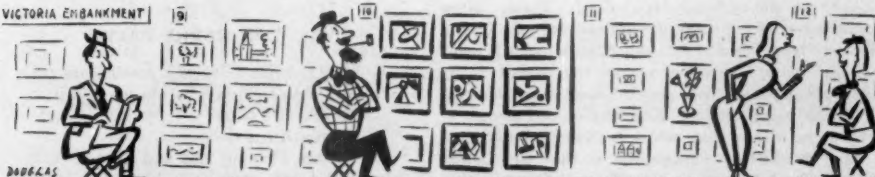
"The Chairman (Lieut-Colonel D. J. Greenshields) said there was no doubt that the regulations were very complicated and it seemed a pity that they should not be clearer. 'I am afraid that nothing I say will prevent every Government regulation being intelligible without a great deal of trouble,' he added."

Somerset paper

Keep trying, Colonel.

Robot tortoises designed by Dr. W. Grey Walter are being exhibited as a Festival feature. Punters feel it would be a sporting gesture to match one of them against an electric hare.

VICTORIA EMBAKMENT



THE PROBLEM OF CROCKER-HARRIS

THESE notes on Mr. Terence Rattigan's new film, *The Browning Version*, are intended to suggest solutions to only a few of the difficulties raised by this puzzling work. They can pretend neither to completeness nor to finality; but if I have succeeded in clearing some of the ground for other workers I am content. It is by the pooling of ideas that scholarship progresses.

After eighteen years Crocker-Harris is forced by ill-health to retire from teaching Classics to the Lower Fifth. Judging by the style of the women's dresses, the film has a contemporary setting, and if we place his retirement in 1950, we must place his appointment in 1932. As he joined the staff direct from Oxford he would have been a contemporary there of Mr. Auden, Mr. Spender and Mr. Betjeman. It is true that he looks more than forty; but what we see of his wife makes it probable that he aged young. Pedantic, chill and terrifying, he is known as the "Himmeler of the Lower Fifth." His scholarly little jokes, his fanatical emphasis on accuracy and his sarcasm belong to a past age. I suggest that this is because, while at Oxford, he may have been influenced by the Victorianism of Mr. Betjeman, and feels for the great Victorian schoolmasters an enthusiasm that Mr. Betjeman's other disciples feel for encaustic tiles and stained-glass windows.

As a young man, Crocker-Harris had begun a translation of the Agamemnon in couplets. The film contains no quotation from this and we can only guess what it was like. It might have been contemporary in inspiration, that is to say, Audenesque, yet it seems more likely that his Victorian pose would have extended to choice of verse-forms, and it is significant that when we first see him in action he is inciting his Form to turn the first three verses of "The Lady of Shalott" into Latin verse; we are probably intended to see in him an amateur of popular Victorian poetry.

This explanation does, I think, cover the archaism of Crocker-Harris's teaching methods. A much more difficult problem is the disparity between his attainments and his educational status. He had gained every possible prize and scholarship at Oxford and is described by the Headmaster as the most brilliant scholar on the staff. Normally he would have got a Fellowship, or at least a Sixth Form, yet he takes only the Lower Fifth. More curious still, his successor, who has precisely similar qualifications, expresses delighted surprise at being given so high a Form. Here the clue is given by the repeated references to the Upper Fifth's studying science. Crocker-Harris has a private pupil who longs to take up science but cannot do so until he has obtained his promotion, and this he can only do by mastering Æschylus. No Æschylus, no Chemistry. Æschylus is, in any case, not a beginner's writer, and the only satisfactory explanation is that the Lower Fifth was the top form on the Classical Side—in this school Sides being not parallel as elsewhere but

successive. The Upper Fifth would be the beginning of the Science Side. Hence, to be appointed to the Lower Fifth was to be appointed to the senior Classical post.

The School organization has other peculiarities which render this theory less unlikely. Crocker-Harris is bitter that he is granted no pension after eighteen years' service, though he would have become entitled to one in a short time. "A short time" cannot surely be more than two or three years, so it seems that the School pensions off its staff in their early forties. There are other indications of the exceptionally high regard in which the staff are held. We see them entertained to a luxurious meal followed by billiards and fireworks. They are allowed to mingle with parents in the tea-tent at a cricket match and eat the same food. On leaving, they make farewell speeches to the School, an opportunity which those who were well acquainted with school staffs would hesitate to offer.

The Chairman of the Governors is a general and a peer, which suggests a public school. The buildings are old; but there is no evidence that the school itself shares their antiquity. I diffidently suggest that the school is a very new Foundation, perhaps occupying a disused almshouse. It may well have been established in a hurried attempt to help deal with the increased school population of the 'twenties. Plunging into this new field, eager to fill a want, the Chairman, who may have had no clear recollection of his own school days, can be excused for his curious choice of a Headmaster, whom we first see giving out notices in chapel. The man noticeably lacks the pursed lips, the bulging eyes, the calm assumption of authority of the professional Head. His manner more resembles that of the harassed secretary of a golf club urging members to be good chaps and replace divots. Perhaps the general was also chairman of a golf club and got the applications mixed. It is no wonder that this hastily improvised Foundation should show only intermittent resemblance to an ordinary school.

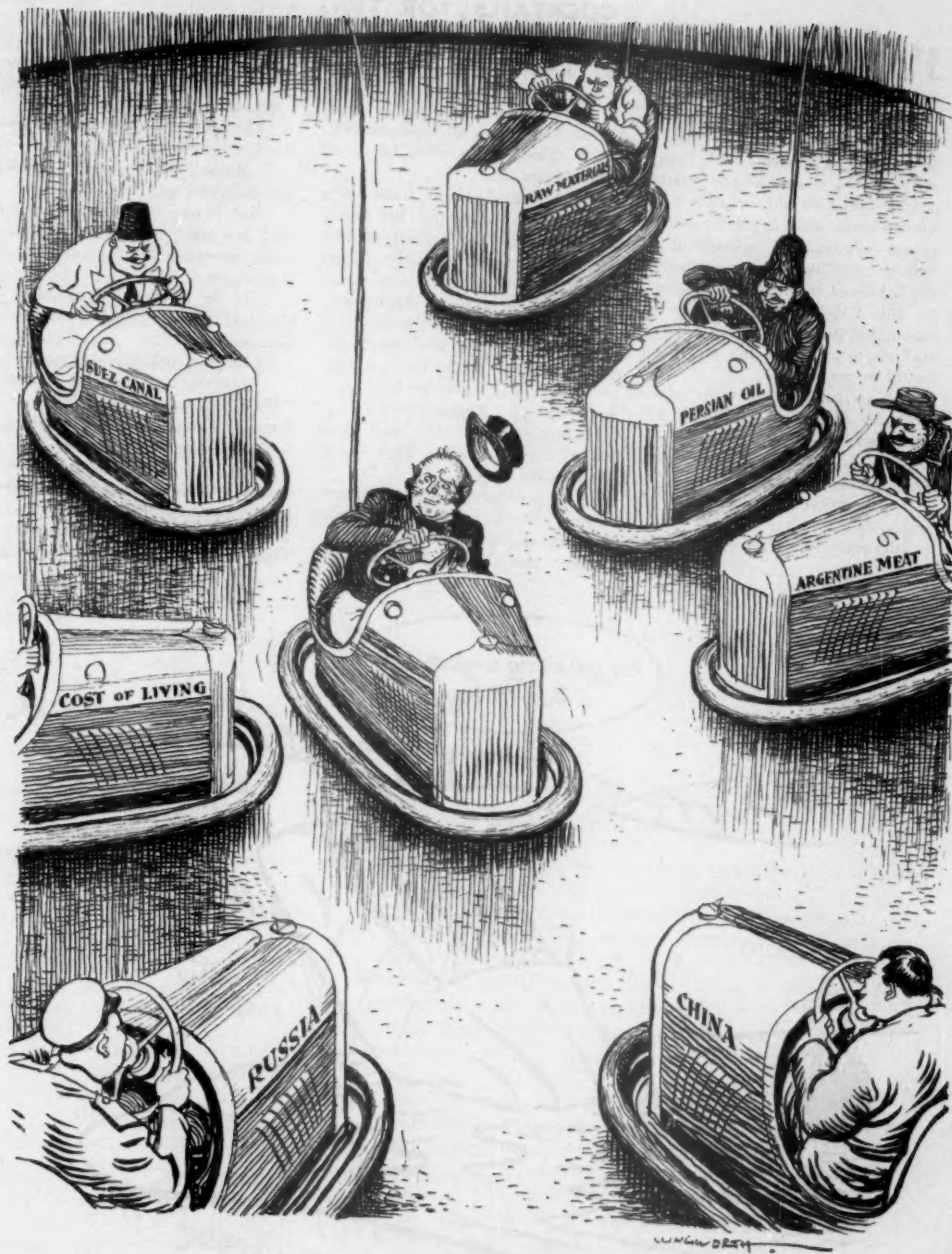
There are, no doubt, many other problems for later generations of scholars to investigate. I can only claim the indulgence so often generously accorded to the pioneer.

R. G. G. PRICE

THE RADIO VALVE

THE radio valve is a small glass tube
With a fairly wide tin band in it.
Sir Oliver Lodge
Improved the dodge

After Fleming had had a hand in it.
And I only wish they had left a note
On how to provide an antidote.



ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR

COCKTAILS FOR TWO

IT was a mistake of course to ask for them—a grave mistake, a *faux pas* in seven-league-boots. I should have known better than to ask for cocktails at a little *auberge* so remote and inconsiderable that it is not listed in any of the reliable guides; and I should certainly have known better than to ask for—of all things—champagne cocktails at an *auberge* nestling in the authentic chalk hills of the true Champagne.

But I did. Only one day remained of our Continental holiday and we were still a few thousand francs in pocket.

"*Nous voulons*," I said, "*deux cocktails, champagne cocktails, s'il vous plaît*."

"*Cocktail?*" she said, pronouncing it *cockhtil*.

"*Oui, champagne cocktails*," I said—"deux."

She smiled and shook her head slowly.

"Ah, *vous* . . . you don't know it?" I said.

"*Non, monsieur*."

"Then I will show you," I said, "how to make a champagne cocktail. First we need a bottle of champagne . . ."

She excused herself, walked to a little service hatch, put her pretty head into it and talked rapidly to Albert. And instantly Albert appeared with his heavy black moustaches and a bottle of champagne. There was no label on the bottle.

"Is good," she said emphatically, passing it across the counter.

"Excellent; now we need . . . let's see . . . Angostura and . . ."

"Angostura?" she said, and looked hard at Albert. They shook their heads.

"An-gos-tu-ra," I said. "Bitters. From South America, from Angostura, Ciudad Bolivar."

She put the tip of her little

finger between her lips and looked perplexed.

"Angostura," I said, "er—*rosé*—er . . ."

She spoke to Albert, and Albert went in search of Marie.

"Marie," said *madame*, "speaks the English good."

But Marie, when she appeared with her arms steaming with soap-suds, proved entirely ignorant of Angostura.

"It is something, *monsieur*," she said, "with which I am not familiar."

I laughed and turned to *madame*.

"It doesn't matter a bit," I said.

"We'll have a glass of claret . . . I mean champagne, instead. Sorry to bother you."

But I had aroused their curiosity and, it seemed, inadvertently cast doubts upon the impeccability of their hospitality. They communed rapidly in their



patois and Albert once more departed at speed.

"Really," I said, "it doesn't matter in the slightest. I should never have . . ."

Albert reappeared, followed by two old men in blue aprons and a girl in sabots.

"Angostura?" said *madame*.

"That's it," I said, mopping my forehead, "Angostura."

The two old men and the girl looked at me, repeated the fatal word softly and ruminatively, and shook their heads.

"It is not possible," said *madame*. She was angry now. She spoke again with Albert who immediately ran out into the street.

I stood there under the eyes of *madame*, Marie, the two old men in blue aprons and the girl.

"Angostura," they muttered.

When Albert returned he was accompanied by two men, one a stout fellow dressed in black from head to toe and the other a workman from the bakery across the street. Marie explained her dilemma.

The man in black looked puzzled for a second: then he spoke vehemently in the *patois*.

I have never seen faces light up so quickly. They smiled broadly and their eyes danced.

"Angostura?" said *madame*, looking eagerly at me.

I nodded.

"Angostura, Angostura." The centime had dropped. Everybody seemed overjoyed now that the liquid had at last been identified. They tapped each other playfully and repeated the word. It might have been "Eureka!"

And then, just as suddenly as it had risen, the bubble of happiness collapsed.

Madame was almost in tears.

"*Non, monsieur*," she said, "we have no Angostura."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"Dorset ('Ivyglen,' Ulwell Road, Swanage).—Near Sea. Running water in beds."—"Dalton's Weekly"

Hot-water bottle trouble?



ONLY ONE CUCKOO

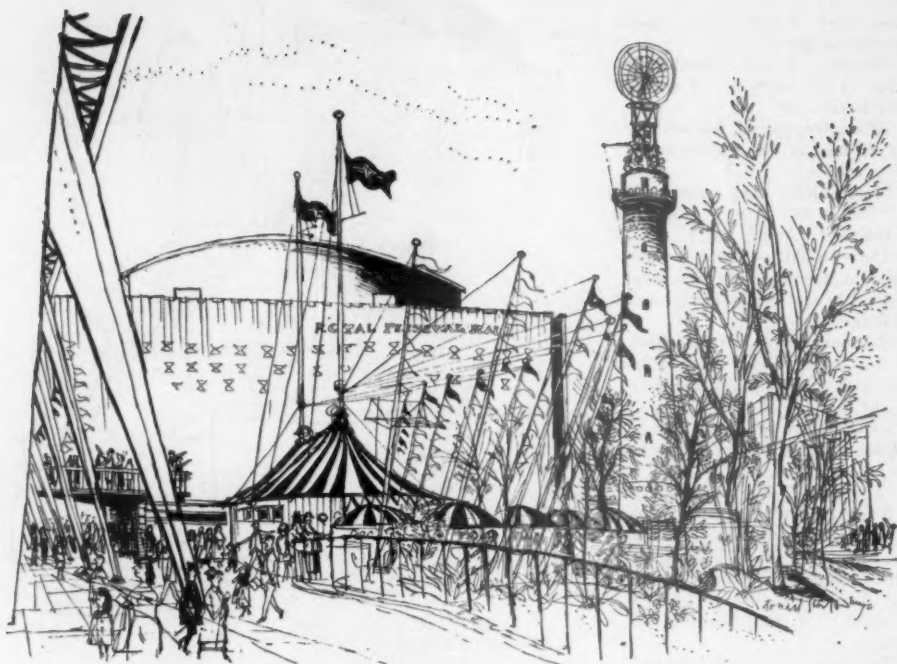
THERE is only one cuckoo. Larks and nightingales and thrushes
Are plurally observed; but every poet agrees
There is only the cuckoo, definite and masculine singular,
Who mocks, and enchants, and breaks the silence of the seas.

Science would insist that there are thousands of cuckoos,
And of two sexes, seeing the eggs they lay,
Parcelling between them the great green stretch of country,
And breeding in their furtive, irresponsible way.

But we, at the mercy of that descending, simple,
Divine dissyllable, face no physical thing,
No concourse of hen-cuckoos and cock-cuckoos,
But simply the suddenly audible fact of spring:

Knowing, when the voice mocks from the northern thickets
And suddenly the southern woods return a reply,
It is only a spirit speaking in the ear of the spirit,

It is only the cuckoo echoing his own cry. P. M. HUBBARD



REPORT ON THE SOUTH BANK

III. SECOND IMPRESSIONS "DOWNSTREAM"

SOME of the sculpture Downstream (and Up, for that matter) may give you pause. You will want to know what it means, and may even approach information officers and ask in so many words, "What is the meaning of this?" My advice is to evade the derision of generations to come—and of one here already—by keeping quite calm and remembering that the door-handles of the Regatta Restaurant are in the form of graceful golden hands; that flags and bunting and bright awnings fly above and around innumerable red, white and blue Britannias proudly impaled on a silver star; that Waterloo Road is walled off by multicoloured globes, and York Road by an immense chromatic honeycomb of box-kites bellying in the gritty breezes from Gallions Reach and points east,

while painted discs and crescents splash their brilliance everywhere and each wall and balcony has its hue, each roof its banner; that pink and yellow tulips shine in legions; that twenty-seven acres of wilderness have blossomed like the rose. Credit, in fact, where credit is due.

Though not ordinarily given to sentimentality about railway engines I should like to say a kind word for the *William Shakespeare*, a noble creature from Crewe obscurely skied on a mammoth plinth overlooking the Festival Police Station. There he is, aloft and almost unvisited, a pulse - quickening example of British Railways' newest and best "mixed traffic" engine, and nobody taking any notice of him at all. I can only think that the formidable iron staircase (fire-escape type) has



put people off, and considering the amount of stair-climbing required of any visitor intent on his money's worth, perhaps this is only natural. All the same, I hope that you, at least, will hold a few treads and risers in reserve: William is well worth a slight pain in the calves, and if you are really done for when you get there you can relax in great comfort on the engine-driver's seat, if necessary folding down the padded arm-rest as you add your finger-prints to those, mostly juvenile, on the regulator.

There is none of that rather grandly literary information placarded about on W.S.'s plinth, and this makes the climb more worthwhile than ever. I have nothing against the dignified presentation of a few helpful facts (they might put some up near the sculpture) but the Exhibition as a whole seems a little rich in sonorous assertions. When I am informed in Homes and Gardens that the chief factors in converting a house into a

home are "the things we make, the latests we collect and the plants and animals we rear," I have to ask myself whether I'm really homeless, since I make nothing, stay out of the garden, only collect by neglect, and have a cat and tortoise which seem to rear themselves.

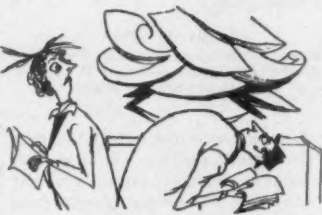
But then, perhaps I am homeless by exhibition standards. The latest thing is to bring the housewife more into the social life of the home by an arrangement of "easily moveable screens, curtains and folding walls" so that she can join in the family's games and banter. Of course the folding walls present a bit of a problem to the unpractical man. In my house it's a thing I'm more afraid of than anxious for. And I know enough about working in the kitchen to appreciate the value of concentration; someone in the next room has only to shout out asking the date and I've popped the loaf in the oven and buttered an asbestos stove-mat before you can say knife. Besides, as I said to the young man who was amplifying the printed notices, who wants to smell their cabbage before they get it? This sent him off into a technical rigmarole about modern domestic ventilation, and I'm afraid my attention strayed to the titles of other nearby sections. These seem to have been composed by an admirer of *Æsop*; my favourite: "The Bed-sitting Room and the Elderly Lady."

I always feel sorry for the exhibition-going housewife. For years now she has made her annual pilgrimage through spotless modern kitchens, and her once ecstatic cooings over stainless steel sinks and large, cream, readily accessible cupboards have probably curdled into cynical snorts by this time; somehow when she gets home she still has to heave away the same old zinc bath full of children's Wellingtons before she can get at the milk saucupan with the loose handle.

But you are forgetting, I fear, that the Exhibition is thematic. You are right off theme. Instead of wading after me into Homes and Gardens in that sheeplike way you should really have launched yourself in an orderly manner into The People of Britain, which is where

the Downstream sequence has its source; you have missed the fascinating showcases displaying "a man's goods" at various points in our island story. However, as you have abandoned the official dotted line you may as well strike out boldly for the pavilion of Health, passing on the way the Harbour Bar outside which, among boats on a lake, is poised a nymph in terracotta (just a rough guess, this) who would be hissed off any screen with Esther Williams on it.

No, on second thoughts, you would be wise to pause at the Bar after all; some of the photographs awaiting your enjoyment in Health call for a stoutly reinforced stomach, and members of your party under drinking age should perhaps be kept away altogether. Why not send them to question a friendly information officer about a clump of statuary near the Dome of Discovery? I was unable to get any satisfactory explanation of it myself, except



that a passing artisan seemed to think its title was Blimey. It's a sort of a—well, look for something like an unsuccessful blancmange, ruined in an attempt to depict two human figures. You can't miss it.

And now your time is short. Tearing yourself unwillingly away from the Beri-Beri photographs and illuminated diagrams of the digestive processes, you may just manage a glimpse of Sport, with its temples to every form of British god from falconry to the abuse of football referees, snatch a moment to consider climbing the Shot Tower and reject the idea, and another to challenge the statement outside The New Schools ("Every child has a choice between Free State Education and the independent system") and you will find that you have a



mere ten minutes for your mad dash to the Telecinema, where with four hundred or so other grateful ticket-holders you are absolutely certain to deliver yourself of at least one appreciative exclamation; namely, that it's heaven to sit down.

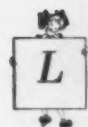
Television on a cinema-size screen is received in two ways. If you are a home viewer already and accustomed to pictures the size of a travelling shaving-mirror you will be rapturous. If not, then in your crass ignorance of the miracle before you, you will dismiss the show as being well beneath the standard of your local picture house grinding out an early copy of *Ben Hur*.

But you will enjoy telling your friends about your first experience of stereoscopic movies and stereophonic music; how coloured shapes waltzed out into the auditorium and bounced on the head of the man in front; how difficult you found it not to stroke the nose of the giraffe that came questing into the circle; how the dark glasses strained your eyes; and how pleasantly odd it was to be besieged by music from all sides.

That the Exhibition has its confusing moments for the casual visitor few will deny. But its gaiety, originality and architectural ingenuity are equally beyond question. My advice would be to go early—before the dewy freshness is off the paint and the price of coffee goes up again. J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

La Ronde—You're in the Navy Now

LA Ronde (Director: MAX ORPHULS—now that he is safely back from Hollywood he resumes his H, but he seems to have irrevocably abandoned his diaries) is a sparkling delight, though not perhaps for earnest thinkers preoccupied with moral welfare. It is cynical, witty, unedifying stuff put over with incomparable skill, delicacy and charm; having no improving Message whatever, it has won three Film Festival Prizes abroad and an "X" certificate here. *La Ronde* is the round, the merry-go-round of *l'amour*, to be translated in this instance rather as desire or seduction than as anything with more noble or sentimental implications. The story consists of a closed circle of seven or eight amorous

episodes, linked intrinsically by the fact that one partner in each appears in the next and extrinsically by the suave comments (and perhaps the judicious assistance, in the character of a waiter or a coachman) of a detached supernatural compère (ANTON WALBROOK). Another link is the simple, haunting little Oscar Straus waltz-tune played by the symbolic merry-go-round, which is actually to be seen in one or two of the episodes. The cast seems to include half the great names of the French screen, mostly at the top of their form, and the episodes, each smartly imagined, cleverly written (the original novel was by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER), designed with great decorative charm and presented in the slightly unreal, fantastic surroundings of the Vienna of fifty years ago, are individually rounded off as well as smoothly dovetailed into each other. Elevating it is not, but it's superbly polished filmmaking and—for the right audience

—superb entertainment. Enough has surely been written about it here and elsewhere to warn off the wrong audience.

You're in the Navy Now (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY) is more than likely to have left London long before these words appear; it



Grand Chain

The Young Woman—DANIELLE DARRIEUX; *The Young Man*—DANIEL GÉLIN; *The Master of Ceremonies*—ANTON WALBROOK; *The Parlour-Maid*—SIMONE SIMON

has been crowded out of the page two weeks running. It is another example of this director's expert way with a story that benefits from the use of authentic backgrounds and detail. His good murder-and-pursuit piece *Kiss of Death*, his good spy melodrama *The House on 92nd Street*, his good Western *Rancho*,

and this, which is a cheerful naval comedy, have all gained in strength immeasurably from that imaginative, convincing use of real and not studio-built scenes. This one has been made on the foundation of an account in the *New Yorker* by JOHN W. HAZARD of "U.S.S. Teakettle," the Navy's nickname for an experimental submarine-chaser that was built during the war to run by super-heated steam and manned by a crew that knew very little about how she worked. GARY COOPER appears as a lieutenant with an engineering degree but no seagoing experience (a "ninety-day wonder") who takes it on as his first command, and the most memorable of the other players is MIL-LARD MITCHELL as the Bo'sun, who has had eighteen years at sea but thinks nothing of engineering or the other ninety-day wonders who make up the crew. There is hardly any real dramatic tension in the narrative, which is a

succession of desperate efforts by all concerned to complete a trial run without having to get their ship towed back to port with an exploded boiler; but the fun is almost continuous.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Whitsun makes it more than usually difficult to be certain about the London programmes, but the fantastic comedy *Drôle de Drame* (2/5/51) should still be running with a good serious short film, the Crown Film Unit's *Out of True*. There is good slapstick in HAROLD LLOYD's *Mad Wednesday* (9/5/51) and good, predominantly theatrical fun in *Born Yesterday* (9/5/51).

Top release, I suppose, is the Disney *Cinderella* (3/1/51); it has excellent moments but is too "charming" for my taste. *Night Without Stars* is an interesting thriller, uneven but nicely done.

RICHARD MALLETT



[You're in the Navy Now

Glorious Tangle

Lieutenant Harkness—GARY COOPER

TREAT IN STORE

"HERE'S another one now they're wishing on us—whacon?"

"Whacon?"

"Processed whalemeat they say it is, from which tri-methylamine oxide—the cause of that peculiar tang—has been extracted."

"So that was the cause of that peculiar tang. And when they get rid of it it's supposed to come out like bacon?"

"Not bacon, no. More like corned beef."

"Then why can't they call it corned wheef? Or whorned beef?"

"There seem to be different views on what it tastes like. What it actually says here is 'According to one meat importer it is indistinguishable from pre-war corned beef.'"

"That's hardly enough to call it whorned ceef or whatever we said just now, I agree. Simply the opinion of this one meat importer. And him fining it down to *pre-war* corned beef."

"It's good he compares it with before the war, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure whether it's good or bad. From what I seem to remember, corned beef wasn't very much thought of before the war. With this chap a meat importer, I'm surprised he even knew the taste of corned beef."

"What little he did have seems to have impressed him, to go harking back to it years afterwards like that."

"I expect the Ministry of Food invited him to one of their cocktail parties, with snoek and beaver meat made up into little savouries, and gave him a sandwich of this stuff and asked him what it reminded him of."

"You can imagine him being flummoxed for a minute."

"I can see him casting round in his mind, and getting the bits out from between his teeth with his tongue, and absolutely stuck for a comparison. Then suddenly it comes to him. 'I've got it!' he says. 'That tin of corned beef I had before the war!'"

"I suppose, being a meat

importer, he hasn't eaten any corned beef *since* the war."

"It's more likely he's been so short of meat for his customers he hasn't eaten anything else. What are we going to have to pay for it? Does it say that?"

"It says it costs about the same as corned beef."

"Pre-war corned beef?"

"It just says corned beef. I suppose it means to-day's corned beef. It's not a thing they'd be likely to say—'Five times the price of pre-war corned beef.'"

"And when do we get it?"

"In two or three weeks' time.

That's when it says it will be in the shops."

"What shops? The butchers' shops?"

"I suppose so. It's still meat, isn't it?"

"Assuming that it ever was. I don't know, though. Judging from the name, the Ministry seem to look on it as bacon. You'd get that from the grocer's, wouldn't you?"

"None of the present agencies seems appropriate. The only thing I can think is, when the time comes we'll be getting it from someone called the grutcher's."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE



THE LETTER BALANCE

"NEVER take a chance on the stamps you put on letters—always use the balance carefully," said the junior clerk to his proposed successor, an uninspiring lad not long from school. "You'd better get used to it quickly because it's very tricky, and the manager will drop on you pretty heavily if any complaints come in from customers about having to pay excess postage."

"What happens if you put on an extra stamp or two, so as to be on the safe side?" asked the new lad, endeavouring to impress.

"You'll catch it from the manager just the same, for wasting the bank's money," replied the junior clerk crushingly. "Never mind about trying to think up bright ideas—take a look at this letter balance instead."

The other looked, and saw an antique contraption incorporating the usual spring and pointer device, but having very unusual markings on the indicator dial. Some long forgotten and ingenious occupier of the junior's seat had glued paper over the original scale of ounces and substituted his own in pence and shillings instead, in order to obviate hasty and hazardous calculations. From time to time elaborate alterations in various shades of ink had been made to keep up to date with the increases in postage rates, and all too frequently a thumb had afterwards taken the place of blotting paper.

"If the pointer doesn't go round any farther than this purple blob, it's all right to put on a tuppenny ha'penny," continued the junior

clerk, "and if it stops somewhere near where that threepence has been crossed out in green and fourpence ha'penny put in in red, then the letter will cost fivepence. You'll have to work it out if the pointer goes between the two."

The new lad began to look frightened. "Couldn't I put on a new piece of paper and mark it out correctly?" he begged.

The junior clerk sneered at him. "Surely you don't imagine you'll have time to take it all to pieces and put it together again!" he demanded. "If the old paper comes off, the whole front will collapse, my lad, and if you stick any more on top of what is there already, the pointer won't move round at all. Just pay attention to what I'm telling you, and stop making idiotic suggestions."

"But it's all so complicated—I know I shall mess it up."

"Nonsense—there's nothing to panic about. Once you've learnt it off by heart it will be as easy for you to understand as one of those super balances they have in post offices. Now I told you about the green crossing out, didn't I—well, just above that there's another purple blob, isn't there? This one's got a face drawn on it, as you'll be able to see if you look closely enough. That's the sixpenny mark, and get its position into your head as soon as possible, because it's always cropping up when the senior ledger clerk wants to send his girl friend a present. That wriggly thing surrounded by dots doesn't mean a thing. It used to be sevenpence, but now, I think, it's somewhere nearer eightpence ha'penny. You won't often have to worry about *that*; and the only other one to remember is the red criss-cross near where it says J.S.C. They're my initials. All the chaps who have worked this seat put their initials on the balance—just the same as you might carve them on desks at school. I don't know where you'll find room for yours though, unless it's on top of the first purple blob. But I was telling you about the red criss-cross, wasn't I? Well, the letter we send

off to head office each evening nearly always sends the pointer round to that, and if you put on a shilling you'll be safe enough."

"Suppose it goes beyond?" asked the new lad anxiously.

"It never does," replied his tutor firmly, "but if something so unlikely should happen, then you'd be sunk. I just haven't the foggiest idea what you would do."

"All right, I'll ask them at the post office in that case," said the new lad earnestly.

"You'll do *what*?" The junior clerk looked startled. "My dear chap, where's your sense of decency? No one from a bank *ever* asks the post office people about postage—it just isn't done. It's as bad as the post office people coming in to ask us about a dud half-crown. You'll let the whole place down most horribly if you do that, and I shouldn't be surprised if the chief clerk reported you for it. No, you've got to work it out somehow. Ready reckoner or logarithms or something. Oh, yes, and be careful of that top bit. It wobbles a lot and keeps coming off; and if you don't replace it correctly, every blessed marking on the dial gets thrown out of true. I told you it was tricky."

The new lad trembled and seemed beyond answering for the moment. "Couldn't the bank buy a new one?" he suggested finally.

The junior clerk looked shocked and the first cashier, who had just appeared on the scene, gave the new lad a terse reminder that letter balances cost money. "They don't give 'em away with every book of stamps, you know—at least, not round here," he said. "Why, you couldn't get even a second-hand one for less than ten shillings. Now stop this chatting and come down with me to the strong-room. There's over fifty thousand pounds to get ready for the bullion van."



Economy Drive
"17-YEAR-OLD TIES FOR
GOLF PRIZE"
"Yorkshire Post"





"You haven't got them yet."

WELL OFF THE MAP

WHAT is England's most repulsive town? This question must have occurred to the Organizers of the Festival of Britain; but so far they have not given any answer. We can only wait for a leakage. My own choice is Colburgh St. Simeon's. The county in which it lies keeps it so dark that the conspiracy of silence must be a heavy burden on the county rate. However, it does not take this exclusion from the comity of towns lying down and has produced a small guidebook, which is now a bibliographical rarity as most of the copies have been bought up for pulping by patriotic citizens of the surrounding countryside. Extracts from this brochure will show that my claim deserves serious consideration.

Colburgh St. Simeon's

Civic Motto: *Progress Thru Planning.*

Pop. 12,353. Optimum population adjusted to

projected site-use 12,417. Statistical breakdown of population figures: Group A, 6,432. Group B, 9. Group C, 4,333. Group D, not yet calculated. Groupings based on Sterthem and Maxie's "Demography for Demos."

Market Day. Monday, Agricultural produce. Tuesday, Ancillary agricultural trades. Wednesday, Clothing and textiles. Thursday, Heavy industry and conspicuous consumption goods. Friday, Light industry and domestic industry. Saturday, Unallocated.

Licensing Hours. Adjusted to reverse-peak-demand: 9 A.M.-12 A.M., 3-4.30 P.M., 11.30-11.45 P.M.

The Bentham Arms. Dormitory accommodation units: 24. Food intake accommodation units: 1. Alcoholic intake accommodation units: 3. Costs: 15/6 plus 1/3 minus 1/4, or 12/4, whichever shall be the lesser per dormitory unit and fraction of food intake unit per 17 hours or fraction thereof.

Edith Summerschool Guest House. Week-end

conferences catered for. Individual bookings accepted. Brains Trust lunches. Minimum fee, 24/-. Price-ceiling by arrangement.

Civic Refectory. Dietary balanced to the nearest calorie. Vitaminized beverages. No waiting.

HISTORY. Colburgh St. Simeon's is first mentioned in the Census of 1911. Beginning as an overflow settlement from the Industrial Dormitory area of Spudgely, it gained civic self-consciousness rapidly. On the establishment of the Pilot Survey of 1927 the area was scheduled as a Socio-Economic entity and named on the advice of the English Place-Name Society.

With the coming into general use of Precision Planning, a Development Corporation was established to co-ordinate the activities of other bodies; by mutual arrangement its own activities were in turn co-ordinated by them.

HEALTH. Vital statistics continue to show a slight excess of health over unhealth. Psychological mal-adjustment remains the commonest cause of under-occupation. Complete daily records of health are kept by all tenants as a condition of tenancy.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT. Opinion polls are taken fortnightly and the Council Public Relations programme adjusted accordingly. The Principal Zoning Officer is At Home to Ratepayers on the afternoon of the first Thursday in the month.

ARCHITECTURE. In the areas of primary settlement the style adopted was Neo-Functional, in areas of secondary settlement Post-Neo-Functional. In accordance with the Third Interim Report of the Advisory Committee on the Therapeutic Use of Colour, all wall-surfaces, external and internal, are painted in alternate squares of ultra-violet and beige.

EDUCATION. Complete multilaterality not having yet been attained in Educational Organization, partial multilaterality has been accepted by the Authority as a temporary goal. On confirmation by the Corporation, this will become a target. The Intelligence, Temperament and Personality testing of all local children at birth has provided sufficient statistical material for the construction of a blueprint of future educational development in the area. The School Record Filing Block is now in process of construction. The installation of a microfilm television circuit will render it possible for the Headmaster to obtain factual data on the psychological and educational history of any child in $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. It is hoped eventually to reduce this time-lag by $\frac{1}{4}$.

INDUSTRIES. A site in sub-Zone 3 has tentatively been earmarked for the forthcoming developments in plastics.

GROUP ACTIVITIES. Social integration into neighbourhood units is promoted by cultural activities selected on the careful testing of home-occupying personnel. Rhythmic basket-weaving, mass golf and non-competitive drama festivals have proved psychologically advantageous.

AMUSEMENTS. See Group Activities.

AMENITIES. It is hoped to proceed with the

introduction of these as and when the supply of clerical labour permits.

EDITORIAL NOTE. Nothing in this Guide shall be deemed to commit the Editorial Board to any endorsement of statements contained herein nor is such endorsement to be inferred by reading between the lines or other unauthorized procedures. No cause for action may be based upon any error or omission in the Guide without permission of the Editorial Board.

R. G. G. PRICE

BACK ROOM JOYS

RECOGNIZING CELEBRITIES

"I THOUGHT I recognized her, and I said to Jane 'Isn't that Margot Fonteyn?' And it *was*! Just like she looks on the stage . . . We stayed there for an absolute age . . ."

We all are the same.

This is our contact with Fame;

We feel we take part in it, we mean we were actually *there*

When *SHE* was, when *HE* was—breathed the identical air;

It's almost historical, and it was really *real*;

Other people only *KNOW THEM* from the papers, we feel, Whereas we *know*, in the round. And apart from reflected glory

Doesn't it make a good story!

And won't we, always, wherever we see her appear, Say "Of course, I've seen her in everyday life, my dear!"

And weren't we *rather* bright and man-about-town to spot her!

(And we'll never know, if actually it was *not* her.)

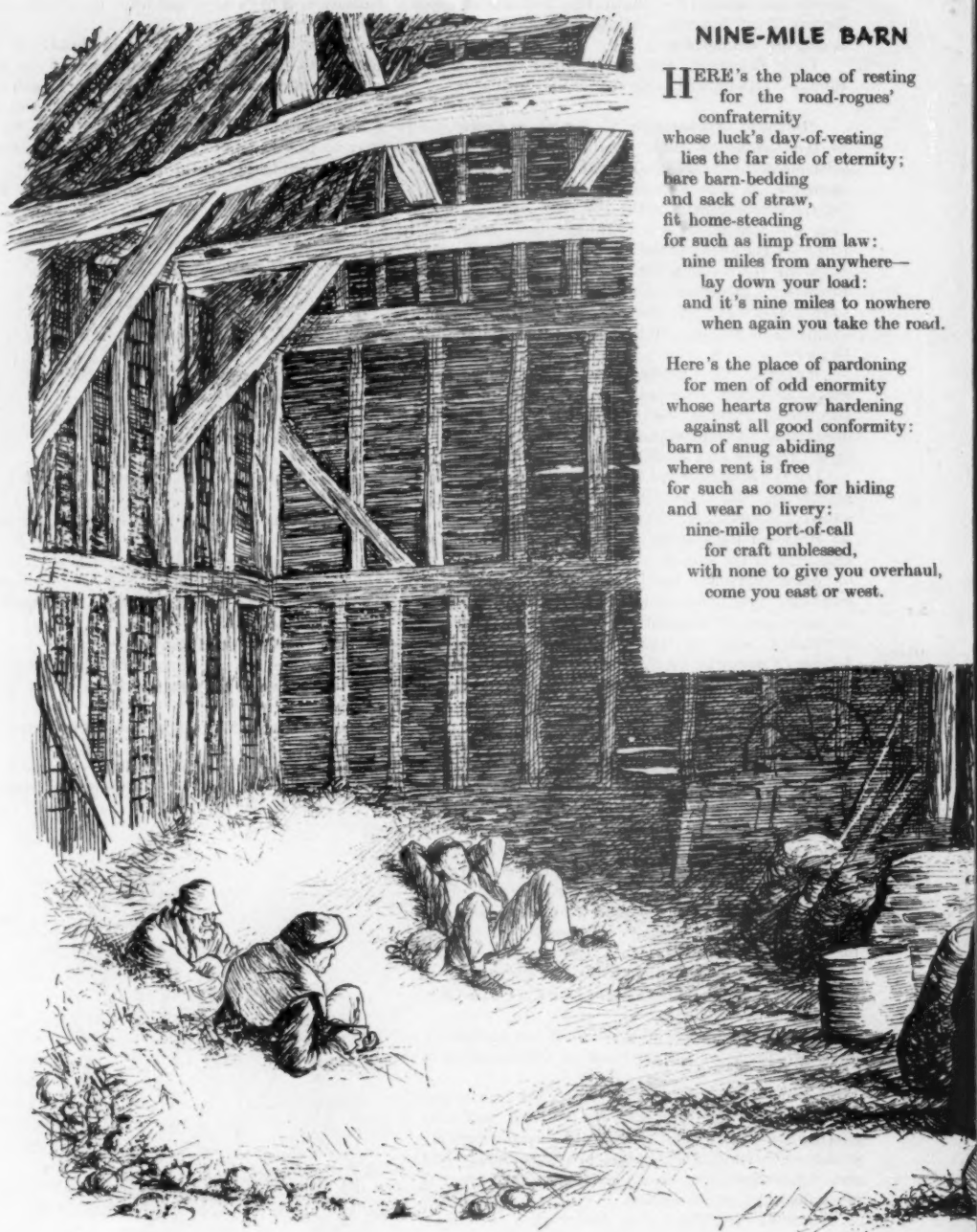
JUSTIN RICHARDSON



NINE-MILE BARN

HERE's the place of resting
for the road-rogues'
confraternity
whose luck's day-of-vesting
lies the far side of eternity;
bare barn-bedding
and sack of straw,
fit home-steading
for such as limp from law:
nine miles from anywhere—
lay down your load:
and it's nine miles to nowhere
when again you take the road.

Here's the place of pardoning
for men of odd enormity
whose hearts grow hardening
against all good conformity:
barn of snug abiding
where rent is free
for such as come for hiding
and wear no livery:
nine-mile port-of-call
for craft unblest,
with none to give you overhaul,
come you east or west.



Here's the place of surety
for men of much sagacity
with souls perverse in purity
and minds of queer capacity,
wastrels tilting
with wit against the world,
wryly jilting
hope with lip that's curled:
nine-mile landfall
for birds of woeful feather,
a huddled handful
that hangs a night together.

Here's the place of blessing
for the few who see with clarity
society's redressing
comes by sleight-of-hand, not
charity:
place for the philosopher
who knows the world's inanity
and puts his private gloss over
the text that all is vanity;
nine miles from anywhere
the world is all your own
and it's nine miles to nowhere
and you walk it all alone.

Here's the place of leisure
for those who go in liberty,
who dance to their own measure,
gibbety-flibberty.
Cast no stone here
you, the wise;
rich as your own here
the rogue's head lies:
nine miles from anywhere
your kingdom's in your load;
and it's nine miles to nowhere—
but have you better road?

ALUN LLEWELLYN





A ROOM OF THEIR OWN

CHILDREN are nice things, but very wearing. I suppose we are all agreed about that. They would be mighty poor company if they weren't. Even the best-regulated child, insulated from the ruder shocks by a nursery and a nanny, space and good food, clean clothes and hot water, is guaranteed now and then to put its finger accurately on the frenzy-button of adult nervous systems. In less easy circumstances children's casualness and high spirits can work on tired parents like a saw. It's semi-tragic that this should be so, but it is.

"Less easy circumstances" is a loose phrase. I mean the slums, and all the condemned, broken-down, unspeakable warrens that corrode the soul; places where many thousands of British citizens will now have to live for an unspecified time because, when we had peace and money, we never took the trouble to speak sharply enough about them to forgetful Parliaments.

The buildings I have in mind are grimy blocks of tenements in Bermondsey, designed at the nadir of Victorian architecture by someone who, one would guess, had just completed a penal masterpiece and was still loyal to the sacred principle of corralling the maximum number of bodies in the most corrective discomfort in the smallest possible space. When these tenements were finished their sponsors were so proud of them that they engraved on the wall the name of the pundit (the architect was luckier in anonymity) who, doubtless with bunting and a band,

had given them his blessing; and it's not difficult to hear the echo of the rolling phrases in which he must have reminded the first victims of their extraordinary good fortune at being cooped up in such exemplary conditions. So far as I know these conditions are still the same as they were then. That is to say, the flats are still lit by gas. The largest consists of three tiny rooms, all leading out of one another. For every five families, which means at least fifteen people, there is one sink with a cold tap, and there are only two lavatories, all on the public landing. Prams and suchlike were conveniently forgotten; they have to be carted upstairs, even to the very top storey, each time they are used. Particular pains were taken to exclude the sun; and to complete the suggestion of prison, to make the inhabitants feel as cut off as possible from the rest of the world, rows of iron posts fence off the wretched courts. Altogether it was a rich period job, which would take a good deal of beating.

Well, you can guess at the lives

of the children. The quieter ones just suffered, while those of higher octane-content went and broke windows and stole bicycles and did a lot of discreditable things for which no one but a hypocrite could blame them. Many of their parents did their best to give them recreation, and many of the children turned out well; the wonder was that any escaped the Juvenile Courts. Since the war higher wages have brought big changes, some good, some bad. Absolute poverty is much reduced, and feeding, in spite of all the shortages, more sensible. Clothes are far better; but on the other hand parents have understandably bought a little peace with money that has taken the children to unsuitable cinemas and into dubious company. I don't think we should be hard on the parents. If we had been hitting something all day with a heavy hammer, or bending over a soapy copper, we should ourselves do almost anything short of murder for a quiet hour with the paper.

It was to deal with this very situation, equally unfair to all ages, that the Carnegie Trust gave enough money in 1944 to found the Bermondsey Children's Flats. In each of two separate blocks of tenement buildings there is a Children's Flat, and the combined outfit is administered by a whole-time warden, two part-time helpers, and a band of voluntary workers who come when they can, among them boys from the local grammar school.

The essence of the idea is that the flat belongs to the children, who can do what they want in it within the usual limits of arson and mayhem. It's not a club, with organized activities, but an informal extension to the home, open five evenings a week, where anyone from three and a half to fifteen can drop in at will and let off steam in the manner most pleasing at the moment. The adults are there to suggest the best ways of doing this, and to see fair play. There is no overt uplift. Improvement comes much more effectively from the example of the Warden and her helpers, and from the fact that, living on the spot, she is an intimate friend of most of the families.

It seemed to me a promising start when, asking for her by her surname in the grocer's up the street, I was met at first by blank faces, and then by a chorus of "Oh, you mean *Anne!*" We went straight into action, and no other word meets the case. There are about fifty children in the block we visited, and half of them must have been in the flat. You could hear them several courts away; but although the row was fantastic, it wasn't hooliganism or anything like it. They were simply enjoying themselves, in a manner impossible upstairs if their parents had any regard for their sanity.

In fact there are two flats, near each other, making in all five very small rooms. In one the boys were already hard at it. This is, as it were, the main steam bath. Here the full pressure of high spirits can be triumphantly released, with nothing to break, not even rules. This is the scene of muscular dramas, reflecting the heroic and dazzling conduct of the beloved he-men of Hollywood. When we came in a Western was in full tide. A sheriff and his posse—and a pretty stern crew they were—had caught up with a cowering enemy of Arizona society, who was blazing off his last rounds in a

hopeless attempt to stave off the fearful penalties of rough justice. For a moment our entry threw out the scenario, and we were murderously covered by six-shooters; but for the *Bad Hat of Lone Gulch* it was a diversion too good to last. In another room a mixed team was sloshing poster paint on to paper with deadly concentration. Next door a little girl was playing a piano, while a puppet-theatre was being set up, with admirable puppets made by the customers themselves. A girl of fifteen, playing a dice game with a boy of seven, might have been a Russian in the finals of a chess championship. The pins of Corinthian bagatelle twanged ceaselessly. In odd corners little boys were overhauling rolling-stock, and little girls fussed over dingy dolls. Some girls of about ten had dived into the property-box and were dressing up in the faded grandeur of well-wishing ladies of Langtry vintage. Their original owners could never have looked more fetching in their veils and feather-boas than did these nice little girls.

The walls are brightly painted, and there are lots of pictures. Everyone talks at once, but the children's manners are delightful; frank, if you like, but still charming. When finally I left I was shown a short-cut to the bus by a young man got up from head to foot as a cowboy, and heavily armed. Bermondsey took this in its stride, and not even a commander-in-chief can ever have had a more helpful or dramatic escort.

These flats are a modest beginning, but they appear to be a practical answer to an urgent problem, so long as children's personalities have to be suppressed by such atrocious housing. For their own



sakes, as well as for their children's, parents approve of them—not only as a magic source of peace; some of the mothers go out to work in the evening as waitresses and barmaids, and for them the arrangement is a godsend. (Parents help where they can, though for obvious reasons the presence of grown-ups is strictly rationed.)

Finances are precarious, for apart from a small grant the flats depend on the children's subscriptions—sixpence a week—on sales of work, and gifts in money and kind (gramophone records are particularly welcome). Nobody who has seen for himself how much can be done with so little to make slums a shade less pernicious for the young could doubt that this experiment should be extended.

ERIC KEOWN

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

XII. DIALOGUE

"BE seated, Milton," said Cromwell.

'After thee.'

The big Ironside threw himself into a chair with a grunt, and the young pamphleteer, his eyes twinkling, made himself comfortable on the other side of the fire. The older man leaned forward, his face intent.

'I want thee to put together a little pamphlet.'

'Right.'

'It's about these Cavaliers.'

Milton grinned. 'For or against?'

The big Roundhead's teeth came together with a click.

'Against!' Etc., etc."

I have taken this passage from my short story, "Opportunity Knocks," printed by the *South Pocklington and Hornby Advertiser* some twenty years ago. The phrase "made himself comfortable on the other side of the fire" might perhaps be the better for a touch or two of the chisel, but on the whole it is, I think, not unskilful dialogue. Since those days, however, I have come to realize that dialogue, in the hands of a practised and determined writer, can be made to fulfil a function of which I was then ignorant—I refer to its potentialities as a space-filler.

In the work of Mr. William Saroyan—and no writer has slanted his pen at such an angle since the days of Ethel M. Dell—this function of dialogue is exploited to the

utmost, and indeed in the narrative itself many ingenious devices are used to make the most of the matter available. For example:

"He'd start something.

Him and Emo."

Here two lines are cleverly disposed of where most writers would naively squander their matter in one. Mr. Saroyan makes use of many other equally original contrivances—the bold renunciation of quotation marks, for example, with its welcome saving of time spent at the typewriter—but it is on his handling of dialogue that I wish to concentrate in this article.

First, let us glance for a moment at a passage from my "Ken Baker's Slip," a little tale based on Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*, written shortly after I began to study Mr. Saroyan's methods. Ken Baker is, of course, the Ancient Mariner, and Parkinson the Wedding Guest:

"Parkinson was going to the wedding.

He himself.

Ken Baker stopped him.

Just a minute, Ken Baker said.

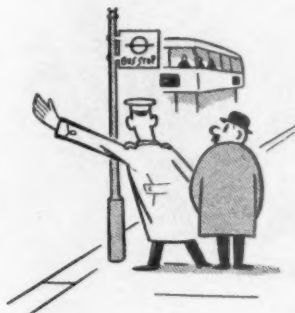
Parkinson said, There's a wedding on.

You can hear the merry din, he said.

The merry din.

Ken Baker said, There was a ship.

Get away from me, Parkinson said.



He told Ken Baker.
What did you say? Ken Baker said.
Get away from me, Parkinson said.
Ken Baker said, The lighthouse top.
We dropped below it, he said.
Listen to that bassoon, Parkinson said. Etc., etc."

Now, in narrative form, this might read: "Parkinson appeared annoyed when Ken Baker intercepted him on the way to a wedding and attempted to give an account of an ocean voyage"—a sentence filling perhaps three lines. The dialogue occupies fifteen. (I refer, of course, to lines of a length likely to be found in the average book.) The advantages of the method are obvious, and I suggest that my readers should add to the useful exercises described in a previous article yet another, designed to help them to follow in the trail so ably blazed by Mr. Saroyan. The exercise consists of converting into dialogue, in this writer's style, some narrative passage from another author. The following example should make the thing clear:

"I ran into pagodas, or was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed."—De Quincey.

"I ran into pagodas, De Quincey said.

What's he say? Coleridge said. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

He says he ran into pagodas, I said.

Into pagodas? Coleridge said. He said to me.

That's what he says, I said. Coleridge was amazed.

I was fixed for centuries at the summit, De Quincey said.

Do you hear that? Coleridge said.

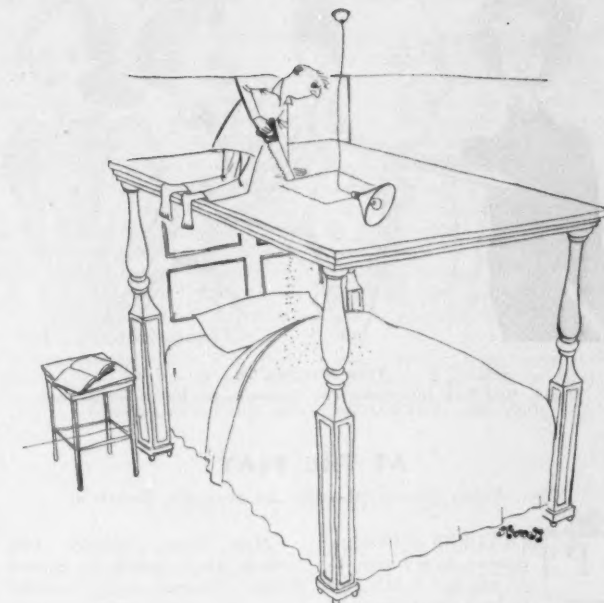
I said, I hear it all right.

Or in secret rooms, De Quincey said.

Secret rooms.

What's he say? Coleridge said. Etc., etc."

Already sixteen words of narrative have become seventy-eight of



dialogue, and as many more would certainly be yielded by the remainder of the passage. In this exercise students should at first aim at an expansion of about three times the original, gradually increasing to four and even five times; but here I must sound a note of warning. It is not impossible that a writer with little to say may succumb to the temptation of spinning out his matter to ridiculous lengths, with fatal results. The following brief example, taken from a pupil's exercise, will show what I mean:

"Merlin said, This is Galahad. Galahad who? King Arthur said. Merlin said to Galahad, Galahad who?

Galahad said, Galahad who? Yes, Merlin said, Galahad who? Galahad said, Just Galahad.

What's he say? King Arthur said."

and so on and so on.

This is of course taking the thing altogether too far, and to make sure

that readers do not fall into the same trap I propose to start this exercise for them, in order to strike the right note at the outset. The passage I have chosen is taken, it should be unnecessary for me to mention, from the works of Coleridge:

"We speeded from the temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals . . ."

"Coleridge said, So you speeded from the temple?

The pilgrim said, Yes.

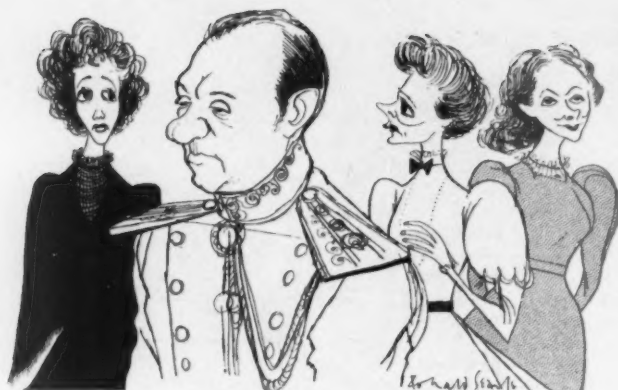
With hasty steps, he said.

With hasty steps? Coleridge said.

The pilgrim said, Like a shot out of a gun."

Readers who desire to attain ease and flexibility in this method should continue from this point, aiming at supplying at least another sixty words of dialogue. It will not be easy.

T. S. WATT



[Three Sisters]

Time Marches On

Masha—Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON; *Vershinin*—Sir RALPH RICHARDSON
Olga—Miss CELIA JOHNSON; *Irina*—Miss RENEE ASHERSON

AT THE PLAY

Three Sisters (ALDWYCH)—*After the Show* (ST. MARTIN'S)

PRODUCERS of Chekhov deserve, in my view, to be handled lightly, for theirs is about the most difficult, as it is also nearly the most exciting, job in the theatre. They are dealing in a kind of magic too elusive to be codified. We all recognize this magic when we are offered it, but to put it into words is almost impossible. We can talk floridly of the significance of the tangential, or more bluntly of the heart-break of futility, but even then we are still a long way from expressing what we feel on those high occasions when we are swept irresistibly away by CHEKHOV's exquisite understanding of the tragic-comedy of ourselves. If it is difficult for us to say what we mean, it is much harder for a producer to translate it into action; and therefore I think the fairest way of describing Mr. PETER ASHMORE's production of *Three Sisters* is to say that in many respects it is admirable, but in few memorable. We are delighted by a number of individual performances, but somehow we seem just to miss the grand orchestration, the inspired rhythm that would have left us overwhelmed instead of simply entertained. But entertained we are, and richly.

Miss CELIA JOHNSON, who scarcely needs speech to express interior torment, is a beautiful *Olga*, the weary schoolmistress. *Masha*, the passionate sister married to a bore, is played movingly by Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON, and *Irina*, the little romantic, is given freshness by Miss RENEE ASHERSON. Among these gentle souls Miss DIANA CHURCHILL, as the termagant sister-in-law, grates and whines like a vacuum-cleaner in a lady-chapel. And the males of the menagerie are well presented: Sir RALPH RICHARDSON, a most likeable *Vershinin*, the prosy colonel; Mr. WALTER HUDD, a brightly drooling *Koulikuin*, *Masha's* golden-hearted ninny; Mr. MICHAEL WARRE, the brother, a sympathetic tousled bear; Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS, touching as the despondent, bibulous old doctor; and Mr. ROBERT BEAUMONT, the inept young baron. This last is, I dare believe, the performance CHEKHOV would have liked best, for there is about it a wild originality. High marks go to Mr. ANTHONY HOLLAND for his settings, and Miss GLADYS COBB has dressed everybody in attractive Muscovy plumage. The adaptation, which seems well done, is by Mr. ASHMORE and Miss MARY BRITNIEVA.

I didn't see the *Watergate* revues, but I imagine that in a tiny theatre they must have had more punch than they can muster even in the St. Martin's, where they make a nine o'clock diversion, *After the Show*. Seeking to titillate the well-dined, this revue is very uneven, and adolescently outspoken without being, in excuse, sufficiently witty. Its anxiety to be grown-up is at times embarrassing, and its circle of fun revolves without much relief round the narrow gossip of the stage-doors. It is not without talent, however, and when served with crispier stuff the cast seizes on it eagerly. Miss BERYL REID is in the Gingold tradition, adding to a lively caricature of its archetype several neat satires, notably of a doggy lady on the moors. Mr. ROBERT DORNING is in the mould of Byng, and at his sharpest as a groggy impresario.

Recommended

For playgoers who think: *Man and Superman* (Princes), with Kay Hammond and John Clements, is a must; *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket) is a moderate piece but very well acted—Sybil Thorndike and Edith Evans; and *His Excellency* (Piccadilly) still draws deservedly.

ERIC KEOWN



[After the Show]

Fine Feathers
 Miss BERYL REID

FESTIVAL ART: "BRITISH" PAINTING

BRITAIN being an island, and therefore separate from the Continent of Europe, has always had its own insular type of artist. The Straits of Dover, however, being as narrow as they are, have tempted a number of artists, at various times, to make a mental as well as a physical Channel-crossing, and so, as the cliché of criticism has it, to "get into the European mainstream." Here in brief is a striking difference between painters in the Victorian age and in our own. Then there was an iron curtain as well as a stretch of water between the studios of Kensington and the studios of Montmartre; but since about 1890 the painter has submitted to a long course of Continental instruction. It was not that artists then did not travel. Many of them went all over the place, but like ancient Romans they carried their own civilization with them. "Going to Spain?" said Sir John Millais to his colleague, Frank Holl. "Never mind, my boy, Velazquez won't knock you down." It was in much the same spirit at an earlier day that Hogarth set himself to debunk the Italian mannerists and stand up boldly, against the connoisseurs, for a truly British art. Just as some people now attack the paintings of Picasso, from a feeling that they are not the sort of thing that grows naturally from British soil—so William Blake attacked Correggio.

Undeniably, Hogarth and Blake are as great as they are and of interest to the world as a whole because, among other things, they are so definitely of their own country. The faults of insularity appear more strongly in Victorian times. The national love of a good story was pushed to extremes in the narrative subject picture. A vein of sentiment, harmless and pleasing enough in its right place, was wrong on canvas. In the hothouse atmosphere of wealth and luxury faults grew the larger—suggesting to one of our Continental critics the image of the Victorian painter as a huge saurian in the jungle of new riches, able

to live only in this exceptional climate.

Certainly in more recent times the painter has firmly rejected every Victorian propensity. Festival visitors will look in vain—either at the Spring exhibition of the Royal Academy, or in the anthology of British painting since 1925 which the Arts Council presents at the New Burlington Gallery—for the "subject," literary, classical, historical or merely social. Instead they will find painters considering and adapting modern European art in its several stages, exploring the ways and

means of form and colour; for which they deserve due credit as these are essentially the painter's business.

Yet if Victorian art was imperfect, the present trend has its dangers—one of which is to make the British painter a mere docile pupil in an advanced school. The pertinent question for these days is no longer whether we are too insular in painting but whether we are insular enough—or, let us say, sufficiently ourselves. With gratitude for what has been learned, we could do with more of the sturdy independence of Hogarth and Blake, the intense conviction of the Pre-Raphaelites. WILLIAM GAUNT



FESTIVALS OUT OF TOWN

So many are the Festivals of music, drama and art arranged throughout the country this year that it is not possible to give a comprehensive list. Readers may like to make a note of the following:

Until October 27th. Stratford-on-Avon

Shakespeare Festival in the reconstructed Memorial Theatre.

May—August. Leeds

Music, plays, opera and ballet. Exhibitions at Kirkstall Abbey and elsewhere.

June 3rd—17th. York

Full Festival programme, including the York Mystery Plays.

June 20th—July 21st. Glyndebourne

Mozart opera.

July 2nd—14th. Cheltenham

Full Festival programme, with accent on contemporary British music.

July 16th—August 25th. Brighton

Regency Festival in its natural home.

July 18th—August 10th. Canterbury

Music, plays and opera in the Cathedral.

July 28th—August 18th. Cambridge

Eclectic programme of music, plays and ballet in University settings.

August 19th—September 8th. Edinburgh

Music, plays, ballet and exhibitions on an even more lavish scale than usual.

September 2nd—7th. Worcester

The Three Choirs Festival.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 7th

There can seldom, in the long history of Parliament, have been a Bill which had so few friends and so many candid critics as the measure authorizing charges for dentures and spectacles supplied under the Health Service.

Last week, after a series of scorching and searing speeches from the Government back benches, some Government "supporters" forced a 2 A.M. division, in which five voted against the Bill and some eighty others failed to obey the three-line Whip ordering them to vote for it. But the Bill passed through its Committee stage, and to-day it came up for its Report and Third Reading stages.

And it was a case of the mixture as before—except that there was not much mixture about it, for the number of voices raised in support of the Bill went hardly noticed in the general consensus of criticism and attack. Mr. MARQUAND, the Minister of Health, looked over his shoulder a little apprehensively at his predecessor in office, Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who sat watchfully—but for the most part silently, on a back bench. Mr. BEVAN's supporters were not so silent.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT, from the Opposition Front Bench, applied occasional fuel to the fire when it showed signs of dying down a little, and at one point mentioned that he had respect for "rebels" who voted against the Government, an understanding of those who attacked the Government and then pointedly abstained from voting, but nothing but contempt for those who attacked and then voted for the Government. This shaft was directed at Mrs. BESSIE BRADDOCK, who retorted with a reference to a "washer-woman's speech."

The war then became "civil" again—but only in the sense that it was confined to the Government

side of the House; certainly not in the verbal sense. Here are some random utterances:

Mr. JOHN MCGOVERN. This is an evil Bill which will have disastrous results on the common people of this country. I maintain that it is nearer to totalitarianism than to any form of democracy.

Mr. HECTOR MCNEIL, Secretary for Scotland. Mr. Manuel talks so much nonsense. . . .

Mr. MANUEL (*from behind the Minister*). You are offensive!

Mr. MCNEIL. If people throw their weight about, they must



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. F. Messer (Tottenham)

expect to be tripped, even by the kindest persons.

And so on. Even the moderate Mr. MESSER, who is an acknowledged authority on hospital administration, and certainly not an habitual critic of the Government, talked of the Bill's putting a "premium on human suffering." Dr. BARNETT STROSS added the interesting, if doubtfully relevant, piece of information that the working classes in the time of Henry VIII died with excellent sets of teeth (their own) but added discouragingly that the expectation of life in those days was only twenty-eight years. The doctor brought a blush to the cheeks of Mr. Speaker, who is a youngster of seventy, by prefacing his remarks on Henry with the words: "Mr. Speaker, you will remember . . ."

The critics went on having their say until late evening, and then, such is the power of the Government Whips, all except Mr. MCGOVERN let the hated measure go through without so much as a final challenging "No!" But it is fair to add that they appeared not to enjoy the process.

Earlier in the day Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, in his new rôle as President of the Board of Trade, made a long and detailed statement putting in a very different light allegations that exports from this country—some via Hongkong—to China had been an important contribution to the Chinese war effort in Korea. The statement was so detailed and showed so clearly the insignificance of the exports that it left little room for further criticism.

Tuesday, May 8th

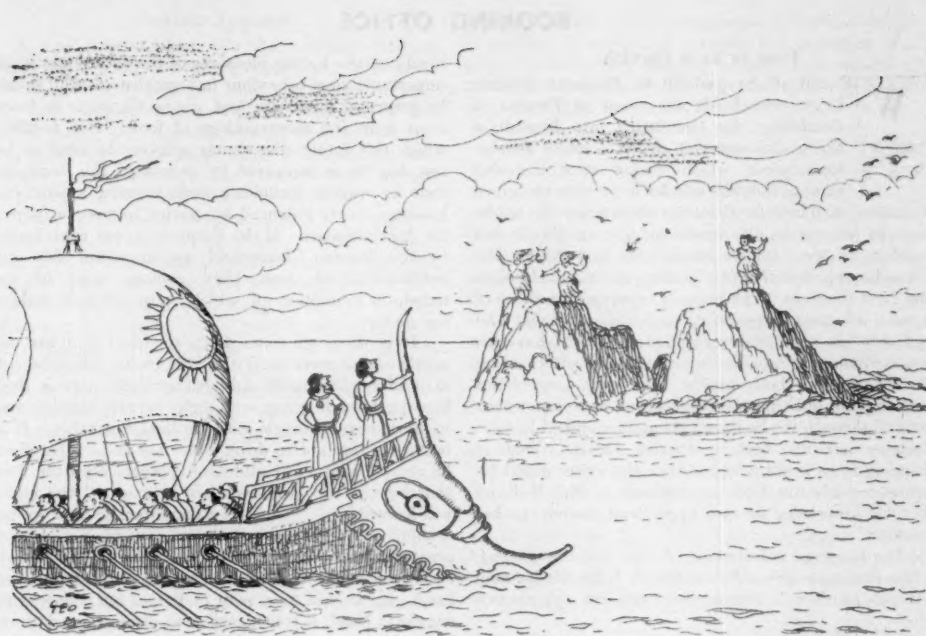
While Mr. GAITSKELL and Mr. JAY were seeing the Finance Bill

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| House of Lords: | through its |
| Debate | Second Reading |
| House of Commons: | in the Commons, |
| Finance Bill | the Lords were |

defeating the Government on the Leasehold Property (Temporary Provisions) Bill.

This measure, which had such a leisurely passage through the Lower House that it seemed to be a permanent feature of the daily agenda, is a sort of stand-still in the leasehold law, pending more far-reaching legislation. The defeat of the Government—by 42 votes to 18—will result in the Bill's advantages' being limited to those tenants who held premises when the Bill was first published.

The Finance Bill had an uneventful time, although the various bands of rebels sat watchfully on their back benches as it was debated. Mr. GAITSKELL did not turn a hair—but then he did not when the rebellion had a strong-point inside the very Cabinet, so his calmness was not, perhaps, surprising.



"Yes, I'm afraid the Sirens are no longer tops in listener-appeal."

BALLADE OF INFERNAL TRANSACTIONS

WHERE are the dragons that I meant to
kill?

Where are the laurels that I meant to
seize?

Where are the argosies I thought to fill
With buried treasure from the Caribees?
The garlands live ungathered on their
trees,

The monster unmolested in its hole;
The ships lie rotting by deserted quays:
Does anybody want to buy a soul?

The gods recline upon Olympus hill,
They sip their nectar and they take their
ease;

I court their favour with my utmost skill,
But find them far too difficult to please.
I bring them apples of Hesperides,

And orient spices in a golden bowl:

They murmur that they ordered bread-and-cheese.
Does anybody want to buy a soul?

Or shall I sally forth, undaunted still,
Intrepid as the agèd Ulysses,
And vanish in the jungles of Brazil,
Or perish on the topmost Pyrenees,
Or smite the sounding furrows till I freeze
Among the icebergs at the northern pole?
No. I shall make no gestures such as these.
Does anybody want to buy a soul?

Envoi

Prince, even now a favourable breeze
Might waft us onward to the distant goal.
But let it pass. Where's Mephistopheles?
Does anybody want to buy a soul?

BOOKING OFFICE

How to be a Dervish

WE can all be grateful to Professor Reuben Levy, who holds the Chair of Persian at Cambridge, for translating into English of fitting delicacy and charm a minor Persian masterpiece which makes such amusing reading that the wonder is we were not given it earlier. *A Mirror for Princes* is the counsel of a nobleman to his son on the whole conduct of life; it was written, as the "Qābūs Nāma," by Kai Kā'ūs Ibn Iskandar, a prince of South Caspian, in 1082, just before the First Crusade. The views it expresses are those of a man of great experience, in whom godliness and cynicism are comfortably blended; he would have his son as virtuous as possible, but also capable of skimming the cream from both worlds. Professor Levy takes care to point out that the emphasis on expediency that runs all through the book reflects neither official Islamic doctrine nor the best in Persian ideals. What is startling to us is not so much that the writer might be addressing his son from an armchair in Pall Mall, as that his knowledge of men appears as modern as his urbanity.

The language is beautiful. "Your hunting-ground is this fleeting world and your quarry is knowledge and virtuous conduct." Devoutness (with one eye always

firmly on the lasting pleasures of the future life) is all-important; so is behaviour in a gentleman, who should be generous, moderate, and, above all, eager to learn, even from the shortcomings of fools. But nobility, which this father was clearly anxious to instil in his son, has to be tempered by necessity; the two-speed code he imparts includes a stern warning against dishonesty, nicely balanced by advice to reserve forgery for big occasions. If the chapters on sex contributed by this Persian Chesterfield are somewhat free and uninhibited, at least they contain none of the unhelpful mumbling of which most modern fathers are guilty.

It is when we come down to detail that the old gentleman (a mere sixty-three) is really delightful. A man of quality must only eat publicly once a day, keeping himself going with light private snacks, and he must never wrangle with his butler at table. It is better for him not to drink wine, but if he must then he should wait until afternoon prayers are over, "so that by the time that you are intoxicated the night will have fallen." If he has a daughter, he must on no account teach her to read or write, which would be a great calamity. She must be married off: "fasten her about someone's neck so as to escape from anxiety for her." He should be a man of peace, but "once you engage in battle it is inexcusable to display any sloth or hesitation; you must breakfast on the enemy before he dines on you." When playing polo he is to leave the rough stuff to others, and when leaving the warm baths he must dry his hair before going into the presence of important personages.

These precepts the author artlessly leavens with his own verses. The later chapters convey instructions for walks of life as different as those of a musician and a king. Here is his ingenious recipe for success as the former: "If the audience is composed of men of ruddy and sanguine complexion, let your music be largely on the bass strings; if the audience is pale and bilious, let the music be chiefly on the short strings; if your hearers are pale-faced, obese and large, play mostly on the bass; if they are dark-complexioned, lean and melancholic, play on the lute for them." And, in case his son decides after all to be a dervish, he thoughtfully lists the essential equipment as 'a staff, a water-pot for ablutions, a loin-cloth, shoes, a prayer-mat, a cowl, a comb, a tooth-brush, a needle and nail-scissors.' One doubts whether Peter the Hermit and his Crusaders remembered to pack tooth-brushes and nail-scissors.

This jewel of a book Professor Levy handles with all the skill it deserves.

I wish I had space left to do more than merely recommend another, that ties up with it, Miss Marzieh Gail's *Persia and the Victorians*. It is a witty account of the eminent men, not all of them so well known to us as Edward Fitzgerald and Professor Browne, who gave nineteenth-century England a new respect for Persian thought and literature. **ERIC KEOWN**



Hollowood

Platonic Triangle

A love story in real life that endured through twenty years of faithful waiting ought, one might think, to end movingly and well with the sound of wedding bells. Unfortunately for *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor* the lady was already encumbered with a possibly dull but undeniably long-suffering and generous husband before she even met the famous economist, and moreover the uneasy affair was so shadowed by ill-health on all sides that the very love-letters are catalogues of symptoms, the few years of eventual married happiness a weary search for congenial climates and physicians. Incidentally Mr. F. A. Hayek's rather ill-balanced study is aimed to decide whether or no Harriet really contributed as much to John Stuart's writings as he himself declared, the verdict seeming to be that, though her abilities were markedly less than her assurance, there really was a good deal more than a frantic lover's worship in his almost grovelling acknowledgment of her collaboration.

C. C. F.

Historical Masquerade

Dr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *Truth in Masquerade* is an odd medley. It sets out to be a discussion of the historical myths that have grown up round characters as various as Cheops and Florence Nightingale; but it turns into a series of loosely woven essays on any subject that happens to interest the vigorous and readable author, who discusses historiography, modern heresies, and historical figures for whom he feels either strong liking or distaste. Some of his opinions merely substitute one legend for another, and his attacks on university historians are not always fair or consistent. He is grossly unfair to Lytton Strachey, whom he regards purely as a stylist who started the debunking of the Victorians: Strachey was the end of the anti-Victorian reaction, not the beginning. His attempts to rebunk Charles I and Henry VIII should provide a good jumping-off point for the next writer on historical myths.

R. G. G. F.

An Artificial World

Every facet of the unique world peopled by the characters of Miss I. Compton-Burnett is displayed in *Darkness and Day*. It has the usual pair of country houses, the usual mannered and witty group conversation in dining-room, servants' hall and nursery—the usual absence, for that matter, of almost anything but conversation, for the amount of concrete detail beyond the bare minimum needed to place some new speaker in the narrative is negligible. The plot, as so often, depends on the gradual revelation of a discreditable secret, and the children concerned play an important part, as always, in the revelation; but the plot is unimportant except as providing a basis or excuse for the talk. And the talk, like the world, is unique: balanced,

rhythmic, polite but often suggesting a world of hidden enormities, it undulates between the members of a group to incredibly amusing effect. Few readers of the earlier Compton-Burnett novels need really be told more than that here is another book of it. R. M.

Stalin's Guest

He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon. But Stalin's guests often find the longest spoon useless. In March 1945 the Polish Resistance leader Mr. Zbigniew Stypulkowski accepted Marshal Zhukov's invitation to luncheon at his headquarters in Poland to discuss Polish-Russian problems. It proved to be an *invitation to Moscow*, where Mr. Stypulkowski was housed in the Lubianka Prison, subjected to one hundred and forty-one interrogations, and subsequently tried by the Supreme Court on charges of conspiring against the U.S.S.R. He courageously insisted on pleading "Not Guilty" and was only sentenced to four months' imprisonment. After he was set at liberty Mr. Stypulkowski returned to Poland whence he eventually escaped to this country. His moving account of all that has happened to him and to Poland since September 1939 is but one more testimony to the imperishability of Polish patriotism. Yet the unique importance and significance of his story for the free world



"Sit back and let yourself relax—see that you get the full benefit of the scenery—avoid dropping cigarette ash all over the interior..."

to-day lies elsewhere, in his singularly dispassionate, analytical and convincing description and explanation of Soviet political psychology and methods.

I. F. D. M.

Backcloth for Shakespeare

In *Shakespeare of London* Miss Marchette Chute does mention the plays, but she is really intent on Shakespeare in his external contacts, the head of a family and would-be founder of a house, the property-owner and business man, the loyal friend and colleague in an acting company highly favoured by court and people. Miss Chute throws light on Shakespeare by throwing light on the contemporary Stratford and London scene, on a society warm-hearted, colourful, litigious, and on an ever alert Crown and Privy Council. In this very readable presentation by an American even experienced Shakespeare scholars may find occasional details that are new to them. These details are the result of Miss Chute's research into original sources and, as Sir Ralph Richardson testifies in a preface, they convey an instinctive belief in their genuineness. There may be differing views about the emphasis placed on certain facts, but the facts themselves are given clearly enough for each reader to make his own adjustment. III

Schubert

Professor Einstein's new monograph on *Schubert* is not a book for those to whom the composer is a musical-comedy figure smiling through tears under the lilacs at Grinzing. It is for the musician who not only

knows and loves his Schubert but is, as the author puts it, "instinct with music." To be instinct with over six hundred songs and several hundred other works, including symphonies, operas and masses, would tax the capacity of any lesser scholar than Professor Einstein; but in reading this book one marvels again at his powers of critical appreciation, though his (or his translator's) verbosity at times makes heavy reading. The plan of the book is governed by the close interrelation between Schubert's works in different genres; and the influence on his genius of Mozart, Haydn, Rossini and of his great contemporary, Beethoven, is brilliantly demonstrated. As in the case of Haydn, a very large part of his works still remains unknown.

D. C. B.

Making of a Landscape Painter

The making of a painter is technically interesting; but even more interesting is the give-and-take between the painter and society. The less you demand of an unpropitious age, the greater your freedom—a fact which the French art student has always recognized. It is because he educated himself (under Laurens and Whistler) in Paris that Mr. Paul Henry was able to survive a gruelling spell of London at a time when it was becoming impossible to earn a living, as he endeavoured to do, at black-and-white; and he not only supported but enjoyed the austerities of Achill Island which made him an Irish landscape painter. His autobiography, *An Irish Portrait*, is illustrated with eight colour-blocks of later oil-paintings from Connemara, Mayo, Galway and Kerry, and four charcoal studies, more successfully reproduced and handled with distinction, of West of Ireland peasants. Mr. Sean O'Faolain rightly calls this unaffected book "the story of a loving apprenticeship."

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- A Mirror for Princes*. Translated by Reuben Levy. (Cresset Press, 15/-)
Persia and the Victorians. Marzieh Gail. (Allen and Unwin, 12/6)
John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor. F. A. Hayek. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 18/-)
Truth in Masquerade. Eamé Wingfield-Stratford. (Williams and Norgate, 15/-)
Darkness and Day. I. Compton-Burnett. (Gollancz, 10/6)
Invitation to Moscow. Z. Stypulkowski. (Thames and Hudson, 15/-)
Shakespeare of London. Marchette Chute. (Secker and Warburg, 15/-)
Schubert. Alfred Einstein. (Cassell, 25/-)
An Irish Portrait. Paul Henry. (Batsford, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

The Queen's Awards: Series 4. (Gollancz, 10/6) Maintains the high standard of these collections of detective stories. English and French authors included, though contributors mainly American. Introduction as agreeably eccentric as before.

The Playfair Book of Cricket Records. Roy Webber. (Playfair Books, 25/-) Vast, comprehensive and businesslike volume for cricket statisticians. Since 1946 the compiler has "read through and checked the score of every first-class match that has been played since 1864." Is this a record?



ECONOMY

EDITH always listens to the B.B.C. news on Sunday mornings to hear the National Savings figures, and she is greatly relieved when they show an increase in a week in which she has withdrawn something from her own Post Office savings bank account. On the other hand, she is inclined to get a bit pettish if the total goes down after she has put something in.

"It's pretty hard," she says indignantly. "I scrape and save to amass four pounds seven and two-pence, by going in the one-and-tens instead of the two-and-fours at the pictures and generally living the austere and frugal existence that the nation's financial plight demands, and what happens? Everybody else indulges in a berserk fit of spending, and there is a total loss on the week of one million seven hundred and fourteen pounds nine and three-pence."

It was after one of these weeks, when she had tossed a sizeable sum into the national pool and been let down by the rest of the public, that she decided to start the Munton Parva Savings Encouragement Association.

"If all the Munton Parva housewives can be persuaded to get together and pool their economy ideas," she said, "our village will be able to make a worthy contribution to the national effort. We're having the first meeting this afternoon at Bombay Cottage."

The meeting lasted quite a long time, and Edith seemed rather exhausted when she got home.

"Did any ideas emerge?" I asked.

"Not very many," Edith confessed, "but you could hardly expect much the first afternoon. We had to spend most of the time electing officers and that sort of thing. I'm secretary, and I have already saved four-and-sixpence."

"How?" I asked.

"I bought a minute-book on the way home. I was going to get a shilling exercise book, but they had some with nice stiff covers and leather corners reduced from fifteen shillings to ten-and-



six, and I thought I ought to save the four-and-six as a matter of principle."

Mrs. Hogg had provided them with tea and biscuits at the meeting, and when they had another meeting at Laurel Lodge three days later Mrs. Entwistle gave tea and sandwiches. At The Ledgers (Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe), they got tea, sandwiches, and cream-cakes.

After every meeting I asked Edith if anybody had produced any economy ideas, but she said it was no use trying to run until you could walk, and naturally the early meetings had to be devoted to thinking of ways and means of attracting new members.

"If we're to be of any real help to Mr. Gaitskell," she said, "we must make every housewife in Munton Parva savings conscious.

And I think a little idea Mrs. Hogg put out this afternoon will do the trick. We're going to run a bus to London next week, only two pounds including theatre and supper. All who attend the meeting here tomorrow will be eligible to go."

Thirty-three people turned up to the meeting, and as Edith had felt obliged to outshine the other hostesses by providing tea, sandwiches, cream-cakes, trifle and tinned fruit she had to draw five pounds out of the Post Office to straighten out her housekeeping money. She felt horribly guilty on the following Sunday when she heard that poor Mr. Gaitskell was down seven hundred and forty thousand pounds, and decided to resign from the Savings Committee, after the trip to London, as an economy measure.

D. H. BARBER

AUTHOR'S CORRECTION

I BEGAN to butter a piece of toast to keep my hands from trembling. Then I read the last paragraph of my daughter's letter again. It said: "Miss Whitticombe has confiscated that new adventure story of yours. I think it's the best book you've ever written, and so do all the other girls, but Miss Whitticombe says it's not suitable reading for young ladies. She says I can have it back at the end of term, but not the caterpillars she found under my pillow . . ."

I took a quick gulp of coffee. The red mist was disappearing from in front of my eyes and I could once more see my wife at the other side of the breakfast-table. I tried to make my voice sound casual.

"You remember Sandra Smith, *Girl Detective*, darling, don't you?"

"Remember her?" My wife gave a short laugh. "I lived with the little horror for six months. What of it?"

"Oh, nothing much. It's just that Miss Whitticombe has confiscated the copy I sent Jill. Miss Whitticombe says—and I quote—'it is not suitable reading for young ladies.' Did you ever hear anything so preposterous? Why, the moral tone of the book is absolutely sky-high!"

"It certainly got a rave notice in the parish magazine."

"And here's this Whitticombe

woman daring to suggest that it's not fit for my own daughter!" I stormed out into the lounge and unearthed a copy of *Sandra Smith, Girl Detective*. The cover showed Sandra secured by her school scarf to the mast of a sinking dinghy; in the background a lifeboat was hurrying to her rescue with the headmistress in a sou'-wester peering anxiously ahead through the spray. I took the book back to the breakfast-room, thumbing through the pages as I went. It was irreproachable stuff. Clean as a whistle from cover to cover.

"Perhaps it was the midnight feast in the dorm that Miss Whitticombe didn't like," suggested my wife.

I turned to the chapter headed "Sandra in Disgrace!" and found the description of the feast.

"Nothing wrong with it at all," I said hotly. "Sardines, cheese, blackberry jam, and a Madras curry whipped up in the chemistry lab by that Indian girl in the Lower Fifth."

"And how do they eat it? Fingers?"

"Certainly not! Sandra herself smuggles a tablespoon up from the dining-hall. Any other author would have made them use shoe-horns."

"To a hygiene-hound like Miss Whitticombe, individual shoe-horns might be more acceptable than a communal tablespoon."

"Nonsense." I leafed through the book, savouring my own sinewy prose.

My wife said: "Perhaps it's the bit where Penelope is arrested by M.I.5 during a nature ramble."

"Penelope?"

"You know—the mysterious new girl who keeps a carrier-pigeon in her music-case."

"Oh, yes." I found the description of Penelope's arrest and read it carefully. "Nothing wrong there," I said. "She's given time to pop a few things into a sponge-bag before they take her away."

"Well, then, is there any similarity between the headmistress in your book and Miss Whitticombe?"

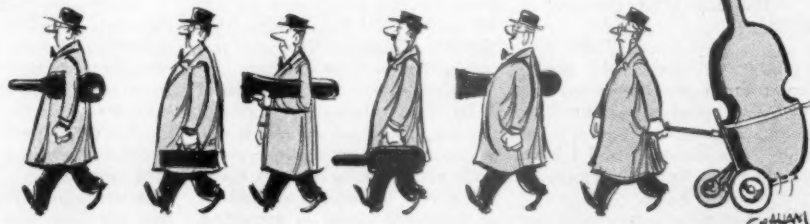
I laughed harshly. "Listen . . . *'Penelope flung herself at the headmistress's feet and sobbed as though her heart would break. Miss Trellawney's kindly face grew grave as she listened to her pupil's confession . . .'* Would you describe Miss Whitticombe's face as kindly? Would you, however heartbroken, fling yourself at her feet? Except perhaps in a flying tackle?"

"No."

"Exactly." I tossed the book aside and picked up Jill's letter again. On the back was a postscript I hadn't seen before. It said: "*Miss Whitticombe says I'm to have a new dressing-gown—the old one had some jam spilt on it.*"

Blackberry jam, if I know anything about it.

ORCHESTRA
ONLY



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Mother's life is
easier with every
possible cooking
advantage and 24-
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even when
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ESSE is the modern heat
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... inside non-utility Slumberlands there is the latest, and greatest
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gets overworked or overtired.

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Toffees are pure,
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A most delightful
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nice things that
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Homecoming Star
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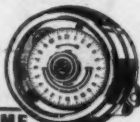
Not for this Star the return
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To photograph the South African Crowned Hawk Eagle, Captain C. W. R. Knight, famous ornithologist, travelled deep into the Zuurberg Mountains of Cape Colony. For weeks he crouched patiently in the topmost branches of a giant tree. Here he was attacked by the parent Crowned Eagle, which swoops from a great height to strike prey and enemy alike. This mighty bird, distinguished by its short, powerful wings and terrible talons, is known as "The Leopard of the Air".



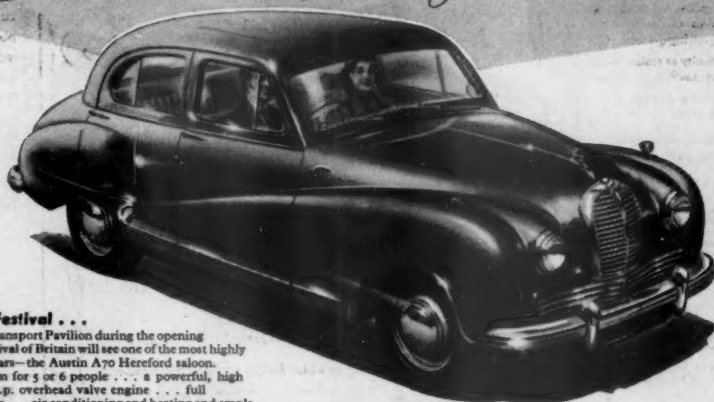
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Austin of England



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ENERGOL
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Illustration above shows how the engine and clutch are ideally accessible from the rear for easy servicing.

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of 8



no moths with
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"G.97"

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Width across the toe-joint; plenty of "play" for muscles, snug support where it is needed. Ask for "Full Fitting" Moccasin in black or brown leather.

- A—Extra width
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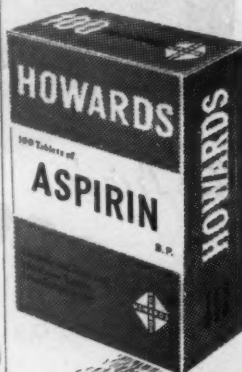
Moccasin

"Full Fitting" Shoe

Write for booklet of newest styles to Moccasin Shoemakers, Northampton



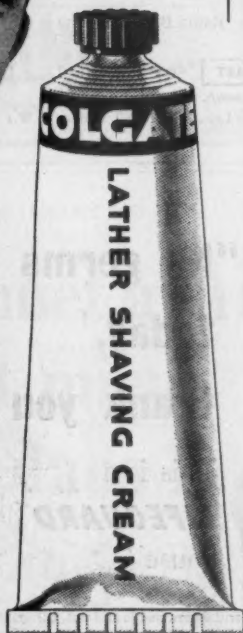
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... you finish up with a
COOLER SKIN
and a
SMOOTHER CHIN



**We've now taken the
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IT'S TRUE! No more after-shave dryness or burning razor rash. Your face is cooler because the *new tonic ingredient* in Colgate Lather Shaving Cream gets right down to work on the tenderest skins. It soothes while you shave. No need for scraping over and over either ... because the richer, creamier lather softens up the toughest beard. It gives a quicker, cleaner shave. Get a tube of Colgate Lather Shaving Cream today. See if its unique 2-in-1 tonic action doesn't give you the closest, most refreshing shave you've ever had. In two sizes 1/3 and 2/-.

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For years I had to scrape and scrape. Then I tried Colgate's thick creamy lather, and now I get a smoother, cleaner shave every morning.



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What's the tie-up...

... between Lillet and a knotted

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best cocktail* is also the most easily

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* Two thirds gin and one third LILLET.
For added piquancy try a dash of Anisette
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BEAUTY BATH

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BRONNLEY beauty bath
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AN ASSOCIATED COMPANY
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EFFORTLESS SLIMMING

You'll look years younger
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With Yestamin, each meal becomes
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mins—essential for
both health and growth
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extra energy from your
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your wisest daily habit.



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100 Tablets 1/6 • 300 Tablets 4/-

Obtainable only from Chemists

**NO MORE DIRTY HANDS —
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Trade Mark
Rub "Dermoclean" into the hands before doing
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2/- per pot, incl. Tax. From all Chemists and
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today,
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Upstairs and down, inside and out, Lifeguard
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The World's Best
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OLD FRENCH PROVERB

Un Dubonnet à la
main vaut mieux
que deux dans la
bouteille. (*À la vôtre!*)

BOTTLE

CHEERS!

Dubonnet is the proverbial French aperitif. To the British it says 'France' more eloquently than a row of tables on a pavement. To connoisseurs everywhere it is known as the finest appetiser of all, and one which does not affect the liver. Have a Dubonnet at your favourite bar today, or get a bottle from your wine merchant on the way home. You'll approve.



DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

See what happens
when you drop a Disprin tablet into
water. It does not merely disintegrate,
it dissolves . . .

Note that: IT DISSOLVES



Now, because 'Disprin' enters the stomach in a true solution and not as a suspension of almost insoluble acid particles, it is more rapidly absorbed by the system.

And being far less acid, it is unlikely to cause gastric discomfort of any kind.

The best way to take Disprin is in water, though its soothing, pain-relieving effect will be the same whichever way you take it.

DISPRIN is recommended
for all those conditions in which aspirin would
have been taken.

From all chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/4.
25-tablet bottle 2/-, packet 8 tablets, 9d.

DURING January, February and March 1950 we received orders direct from Doctors for over 7,000 jars of NUMOL, apart from sales through the usual channels, and these direct orders were all for jars paid for by the Doctors.



NUMOL

BENEFITS THE WEAK
AND
THE ILL-NOURISHED

Numol has a guaranteed content per ounce of 500 International Units of vitamin A and 500 International Units of vitamin D.

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Yes! You can afford Mayfair Carpeting—either as a direct purchase or on our deferred terms. "Mayfair" Needleloom Carpeting is ideal for CLOSE-CARPETING—inexpensively—Living Rooms, Bedrooms, Halls, Corridors, etc., or for surrounds or centres. It wears well and looks very attractive. Because of its

special sprayed rubber backing you need no underfelt. Easily cut for fitting, lies flat, needs no binding. In Six colours and three widths. Heather, Fawn, Brown, Red, Blue and Green.

18" wide 12/- 27" wide 17/- 54" wide 33/- Per Yard

Carrriage free. Send 1/- for samples (returnable) of the Six colours.

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We have been fortunate in securing a small quantity of very fine rug-carpet, size 6ft. x 4ft. These rugs are made on the Continent by Flemish craftsmen and are in assorted Persian designs. Basic background colours are fawn and rust and the weight of the carpet is about 7 lbs. Since it is not possible adequately to describe the full attractiveness of these carpets, we shall be happy to post one to you on approval.

The cost is carriage free £4.19.6

BARCAIN T-SHIRTS

Gay striped summer-weights cotton short sleeved with ribbed crew neck. Wash and wear well in fast colours. Striped White/Maroon, White/Green, White/Brown, White/Navy, or White/Light Blue.

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MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD. (Dept 6 A), 18, Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4

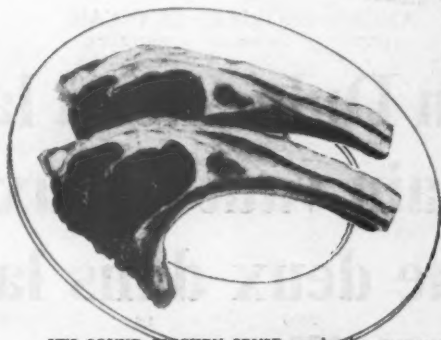


Cleaner by far . . . and wide

One of the friendly links with home for many thousands living overseas is the familiar tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder—on sale to-day in almost every country of the world.

For four generations users agree that Calvert's does its job of cleaning supremely well, and very pleasantly too, thanks to a unique flavour. Have you ever tried Calvert's Tooth Powder? You should, and let your teeth show the difference.

Calvert's TOOTH Powder

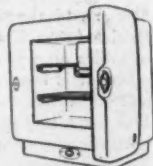


IT'S SOUND KITCHEN SENSE—and wise economy these days—to make sure meat is always as appetisingly good as the moment you bought it. That's where ASTRAL comes in—providing maximum storage space at low cost, the ASTRAL Refrigerator keeps food looking and tasting its best.

£49-19-4

RETAIL PRICE INCLUDING P. TAX

Astral THE BABY REFRIGERATOR



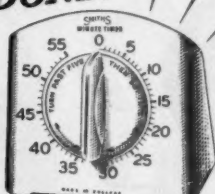
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Alfred Never Worries Now



PING! IT'S DONE!

Nobody need get the blame now for forgetting 'what's cooking.' Smiths' 'PINGER' times everything to the exact minute with its loud melodious PING! Essential in the kitchen, there is no end to the PINGER's other uses, and it saves its cost in a few weeks. Buy one and you'll quickly wonder how you ever did without it. Beautifully made in every detail and robust to a degree, Smiths' 'PINGER' Timer is available from Jewellers and Stores everywhere.



SMITHS

'PINGER' TIMER

PRICE
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FREE OF TAX

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The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd

**BOTTLED
VINEGAR
is best!**



**and this is the
BEST BOTTLED
VINEGAR**

Have you these in your kitchen?

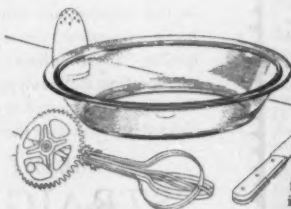
Just imagine cooking and serving meals for your family in lovely 'Pyrex' brand ovenware dishes like these! Beyond your purse? Not at all! Look at the prices!

NOT ONLY IS 'PYREX' brand oven glassware economical and lovely to look at and handle—it has another very special advantage in the way it cooks.

The glass, by diffusing heat very evenly, *cooks* very evenly, through and through—no scorching at the edges with the middle half done! Nothing else so conserves the natural flavour and juices of food, makes such lovely succulent dishes.

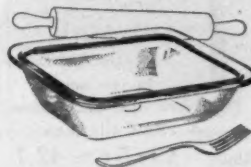
Start now collecting 'Pyrex' brand oven-table glassware!

(Right) Each 'Pyrex' brand casserole consists of two dishes which you can use separately. This round one is made in four sizes, with prices for the complete casserole from 3/6 to 8/6. (You cook and serve in the same dish, of course.)



(Left) This oval pie-dish is made in seven sizes, prices from 10d. to 5/-. Nothing flattens food like serving it in 'Pyrex' brand transparent glass, yet it costs no more than ovenware of any other material.

(Right) There are three sizes of this oblong pie-dish: 1 pint, 1 1/2 pints and 2 1/2 pints. Prices 3/6, 4/6, and 5/6. Sets of 'Pyrex' brand glassware stack beautifully in your cupboard. Each article is streamlined, easy to handle.



REGISTERED
TRADE
MARK

'PYREX'

BRAND

OVEN-TABLE GLASSWARE

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland

RODS for FIXED SPOOL REELS

The Stationary Drum Reel is now being used in two very different roles and we are therefore making two distinct types of rod for use with these reels.

THREADLINE WORK

For the Angler who uses fine lines and light baits for Trout, Sea Trout, and, in fine water, for Salmon, we make the SPINCRAFT range.

These are gentle action rods which will send a bait of a few drams across the river with the minimum of effort and which will "persuade" a fish to go the way you want him.

They are in tempered "Hexacane" and fitted with agate rings throughout, the large butt ring being stood-off and the second ring half stood-off.

In 3 models.

7ft. light 7ft. medium and 8ft.

PRICE all models

£7: 15 P. Tax 35/10

HEAVIER WORK.

For the growing school of Anglers who, because the fixed spool reel is so easy to use, use it with heavy baits and lines up to 15lbs. B.S., we designed, last year, the SPINCRAFT MAJOR. This rod was a great success, not only with stationary drum reels, but with multipliers as well, and we have therefore extended the range to include a light model. These rods are to the same specification as the SPINCRAFT except for larger rings, of course, and being built to cast baits which would cripple the SPINCRAFT.

In two models.

9ft. light 9ft. medium

The
Spincraft
Major

PRICE both models
£9: 5 P. Tax 42/7

These rods can be seen at any of our Main Agents or at our shop at 7/8 Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Whitcomb 9886/7) and catalogues giving fuller details obtained from either.

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FISHING TACKLE
... a name to angle with !
REDDITCH, ENGLAND



COINTREAU
The Finest Liqueur
at any time

Sole Importers
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In that leisurely age which considered ballooning a hectic excitement, there was a genuine respect for quality. The Edwardians could certainly distinguish the excellent from the merely good—and numbered Straight Cut cigarettes amongst the former. Today, these fine cigarettes offer you the same full measure of enjoyment.

LAMBERT & BUTLER
STRAIGHT CUT
Cigarettes 20 for 3/10

MADE BY LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
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"the best outboard motor in the world"

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Pain and the Highly-strung

SENSITIVE people have a greater susceptibility to pain. Comparatively mild ailments such as colds and headaches leave them depressed, irritable and unable to carry out normal work. Such highly-strung women are abnormally affected by crude palliatives which others can consume with impunity. It is for this sensitive group that Cogene has been evolved. Cogene contains Codeine, the powerful instantaneous pain-reliever, antipyretic Phenacetin to bring temperature down to normal, Acetylsalicylic Acid to soothe the nerves and Caffeine to offset by mild stimulation any reaction towards depression.

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Price 1/4d. and 2/5d.

'Cogene' TABLETS
Exp.
FOR THE SPECIAL RELIEF OF PAIN
A Goutuxon Product



Palm Toffee
THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS



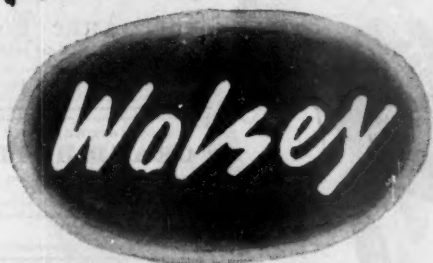
BY FAR THE BEST
RONUK
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dogs shape best on...
SPILLERS SHAPES
AND PREFER THEM



X fold fronts in



FINE COTTON UNDERWEAR

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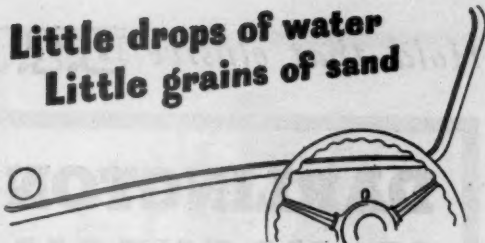


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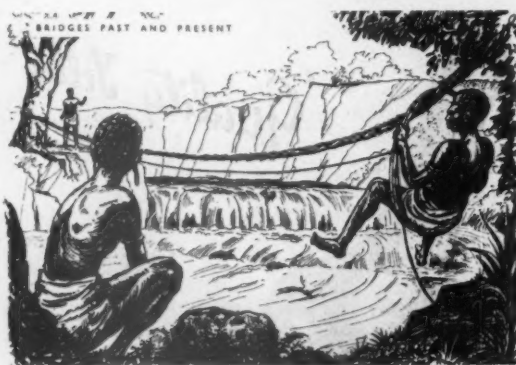
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